CRIMINALS of CHICAGO

PRINCE IMMANUEL

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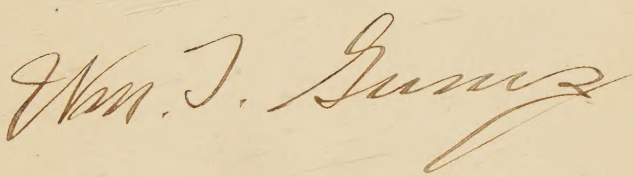

CRIMINALS OF CHICAGO

Criminals of Chicago

By
PRINCE IMMANUEL OF JERUSALEM

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CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
	Foreword	9
I.	Tentacles of the Traffic	25
II.	Madame Coupler	43
III.	May Misogamy	60
IV.	Opium Ophidia	81
V.	Jambon Eugenicised	97
VI.	Petromortis	117
VII.	Calls' Cradle	138
VIII.	Innocent Infanticide	158
IX.	Rattler, the Fixer	178
X.	Waginsky, the Wittol	196
XI.	Steel's Strappado	214
XII.	Pureheart's Putrefaction	236

FOREWORD

About two years after I had written "Criminals of Chicago," I was given a copy of the *Journal of the American Judicature Society* which contained "A Description of the Work of the Psychopathic Laboratory of the Municipal Court of Chicago." I was not surprised, but highly gratified to find that the methods I recommended in my story and which I advocated thirty years ago in "The Modern Bible," are being adopted by leading criminologists.

I take the liberty of prefacing my story with numerous quotations from the above article, as I have no doubt that the publishers would welcome every medium that gave greater publicity to this reform.

The attention of the public has been drawn to the cases that come before our courts, but just at the present time we have a type of dementia præcox that is a greater menace to us than the so-called criminal class. These are the morons, female as well as male, to whom the methods of segregation advocated by the Psychopathic Laboratory might well be applied.

This turning of the searchlight of public opinion to questions that are usually forbidden the ordinary channels of publicity

is therefore doubly fitting at the present time.

Thousands of doctors have become convinced of the fundamental soundness of this new field of science; thousands of officers have come to look upon it as a dependable and practical resource; probably many lawyers, serving as judge advocates, will come to see and understand the intimate relationship of mental defectiveness and delinquency through studying the records of courts martial.

All over the land there is skepticism and a sense of futility with respect to the way the law deals with delinquency. With more machinery for convicting and punishing the law-breaker than ever before, we find the supply increasing in a rising curve. Everywhere there is a feeling that something is amiss, but there is little agreement as to the causes and the correct remedies. Judges are blamed by some for being too lenient and by others for being too severe.

The thing which baffles us most is the marked tendency for delinquents to drift back to the jails after correctional treatment, so that the same names figure again and again in the police records, in the criminal courts and in various penal and

reform institutions. The reform school has been supplemented by the juvenile court, with a marked improvement in salvaging youth; but we have by no means got rid of the repeater, or recidivist.

The old idea that punishment is deterrent in proportion as it is severe, or even brutal, is nearly obsolete. History shows that hanging did not prevent petit larceny. So we have abandoned the policy of frightfulness in punishment and cannot revert to it even though it still has some few supporters.

And yet we feel that the theory of punishment being deterrent is philosophically sound. We feel that potential criminals should be deterred by dread of some form of punishment. But we observe that in a large class of cases this theory does not work. The difference here between a seemingly valid theory and actual practice causes a great deal of bewilderment.

The first news from the Laboratory revealed the prevalence of feeble-mindedness among delinquents. A layman's definition of feeble-mindedness may be attempted: it is a defect in intelligence; a fairly definite limitation of capacity for conscious thinking, for intellectual processes. The psychiatrist says that it is a defect of the cortex, that portion of the brain which is phylo-

genetically newer than the rest of the brain. It is also held that feeble-mindedness is practically static and incurable. This follows from the theory that it is due to a brain lesion, to a physical injury or malformation.

When one says that feeble-mindedness is static, he means that there is no cure. The individual will never achieve any higher psychological level, no matter how much attention is given to his education or how long he lives. However, he may grow in usefulness through acquiring enlarged experience. He need not always make the same mistakes of judgment. Dependent upon the extent of the defectiveness, there is a possibility of adjusting the individual to his environment and of making up for his deficiencies by protective environment.

Defectives of this sort, forced at an early age to shift for themselves, may still worry along through life without serious consequences to society in an easy environment. But in the great city, with its spurs to appetite and its remorseless competition, the environment is the worst possible. The city cannot be made to become a safe abode for the abnormal. Its development is in the interest of the strong and successful.

So long as the feeble-minded delinquent

is not recognized as such when he has committed an offense, every form of punishment is likely to be but one more step in the degradation which leads to hopeless criminality. This is the great truth which explains the frequent failure of the correctional institution. The institutions and methods which have been evolved for the discouragement of crime are practically all predicated on mental competence and responsibility; they are based on the former universal conception that every person not imbecile or insane will react uniformly to certain corrective influences.

As we have seen, the feeble-minded constitute a considerable proportion of the body of delinquency, and this defect is quite readily ascertained by a comparatively simple method of testing. But there are common types abounding in the jails which are not so readily detected, and still less readily classified in a quantitative way. For them there are more subtle tests employed only by the neurologist and psychiatrist.

Chief of these types is that known as dementia præcox. This is a form of mental instability which may not reveal itself to the uninitiated. It is a defect of the basal ganglia, that part of the brain which is the

seat of the emotions of affectivity. It is easier described than defined. Dr. Hickson is authority for the statement that sixty-five percent of the inmates of insane asylums are victims of dementia præcox, or schizophrenia, as he prefers to call it. But there are doubtless more cases of dementia præcox outside of asylums than inside.

Unlike feeble-mindedness, dementia præcox does not imply any lessening of intelligence. It may be associated with any grade of intellectual power. There are classical instances of dementia præcox combined with extraordinary intellect, and this combination must be understood to account for some of the most remarkable cases of persons who excel to an extraordinary degree in some special field, but who are known, nevertheless, to be mentally unstable. They may even have great followings as leaders of religious movements; they may be successful inventors; they may be masters of oratory, or distinguished writers, or noted musicians or artists.

Of course, dementia præcox is sometimes coupled with average intelligence. Consider this not uncommon type. The individual differs mostly from the normal, perhaps, in the one characteristic of "split associations." He does not arrive at the

same conclusions as the normal from given data. Since it is the affective center which is abnormal, he is likely to have a different view of moral questions than the normal. Not infrequently he is entirely amoral. There are enough such to constitute a class by themselves. As well try to teach kittens to swim as to reform the moral defect afflicted with dementia præcox. He is organically wrong, and nothing can make him right.

Again, speaking generally, the victims of this defect are commonly in conflict with their surroundings. This does not stop with mere failure to fit the environment, as is the case with the feeble-minded. No environment can be imagined which will fit them. Their springs of conduct are abnormal. They may be energetic, persistent, persuasive in a degree, but their conclusions are fallacious, especially in the subjective field.

The victim of both psychoses, in the language of Dr. Hickson, appears to be "the criminal type par excellence."

A perfect continuity of data is observable between dementia præcox combined with feeble-mindedness and such crimes as robbery, with its incidental homicide, rape and other sex crimes. These are the

crimes which are most revolting to the moral sense; they are also the least profitable to the criminal. The records show that the typical "hold-up-man" in Chicago is a boy between the ages of seventeen and twenty-one. He often appears to be quite fearless. While some cunning may be displayed in certain instances, for the most part there is a pitiful lack of ordinary precaution. Detection and arrest is usually not difficult. These crimes are planned with absolute disregard for decency. They are often executed with the most ruthless brutality. Mutilation of the criminal victim is often a mark of this type.

When the story of dementia præcox is finally written, it will be seen to have been at the bottom or potential to, not only the criminal situation, but also to much of our civil, commercial and social disturbances.

Its victims profess the deepest feelings of remorse for a delict and at the same instant are deliberating a similar or other offense. As is obvious, it makes no difference who their victims are, friends, relatives or strangers, there is an absolute ethical frigidity. They possess a very ready comprehension, but their reasoning is ofttimes erratic through influence of their complexes.

Their offenses consist chiefly in confidence games, swindling, every known art of juggling with checks, much less often the ordinary grand and petit larceny. They show a fondness for carousing with the opposite sex. Those that marry are almost always sooner or later divorced. They often commit bigamy. Alcoholism often complicates the picture. They are fablers of the worst type, all the way from deliberate fabrication to pseudologia phantastica, and always directly or indirectly to their positive advantage, whereas with the ordinary case of pseudologia phantastica it may be directly or indirectly to their disadvantage, though even here in some instances, it begets sympathy. They tend to be foppish. They are commonly known as the black sheep of the family. They are immune to every art of reform from exhortation to prison, and being devoid of insight through lack of complemental feeling-tone consider such censure as gratuitous and unjust.

In spite of all this they possess the most ingratiating personality imaginable, which is their chief stock in trade, and which is often the means of saving them from sentence to prison, which they are most resourceful in circumventing, though most all sooner or later land there, but usually

not until they have succeeded in bringing their friends and relatives to financial ruin in keeping them out. There is no class of delinquents who succeed in getting as many tryouts as they do. There are, of course, lighter forms, but the type is well-defined and easily recognizable wherever encountered, be it in pulpit, politics or business.

The dementia præcox question is one of the most portentous socially, economically and criminally that civilization has to deal with. It is not only responsible for much of the work of the criminal branches of our courts, but also for a great deal of that in our civil branches. It is responsible for a goodly number of divorces; many of the divorces coming before the courts of Cook County have already been in one of the specialized branches of the Municipal Court, chiefly the Domestic Relations branch. We get numerous requests to go to other courts to testify in divorce and other civil cases on the results of examinations made on one or the other or both parties, in some instances on examinations made as much as three years previously.

The army and navy have their hands full with their præcox cases, not always recognized as such.

Environment is man-made, made by dominants for dominants, with little consideration for the recessives who are represented in the population numerically at about two percent, but in the matter of cost in taxes at anywhere from twenty-five to fifty percent, which only covers the public institutions for the insane and feeble-minded. It is hard to estimate their cost in indirect taxation such as the police and detective forces, courts, prisons, jails, reformatories, the various eleemosynary institutions, etc. Then there is their waste and damage industrially and elsewhere, and the general friction and disorder and accidents for which they are responsible. Environment being man-made, by dominants for dominants, and consequently fitting them, gives them a relative degree of freedom which is denied the recessives on whom it exerts restrictions, whom it relatively determines.

The only practical solution we see at present for the treatment of these cases after they are recognized is farm and industrial colonies, community centers in the country, as extensive as possible, built on the order of detention camps. Such colonies should be laid out in the order of a small model community, with administration building, and cottages for the ex-

ecutives and inmates, with its industrial, farm, amusement, hospital, living and other sections. They can be laid out and built up gradually by the inmates themselves after the first buildings are completed.

The necessity for sterilization before parole will have to be considered, though the isolation of such defectives will eliminate the largest source of propagation of defectiveness with its concomitant delinquency.

In such colonies they will have economic worth, while on the outside they are an economic burden. They are responsible for most of the accidents on land and sea, for wastage, loss, theft and bad morale. They are undependable, work irregularly, always changing employment, and they make up the bulk of the army of the unemployed. The colony proposition is logically a national one, but under our system of government it will have to be dealt with by the State. Such colonies will be provided with laboratories, with brain and other research, and will thus indirectly contribute much to the advancement of society.

It is only a short step after all, in view of the numerous institutions which we now possess, to establish industrial farm

colonies for defective delinquents. One of the great reasons for such a step is the fact that these persons are now spoiling the administration of existing institutions where they are kept with those of normal mentality. We recognize the ghastly futility of mixing first offenders with "hardened criminals" in our jails and prisons, and have established detention homes and other means for segregating these classes. But in doing so we have made just as great a blunder by herding together the degenerate boys with the normal and redeemable boys, and degenerate girls and women with the girls and women who are of normal mentality. Reports from such institutions, disclosing the shocking perversions which are there rampant, illustrate most emphatically the need for segregation based on psychopathological differentiation.

But the biggest element of the entire subject remains to be considered. It is that psychopathology will assist the court to be what courts should be, and must be —preventive of crime. The place of the Laboratory especially is to pick out the defective at an early stage and put him where he cannot again fail. Eventually the most useful field for the Laboratory will be among juveniles, and it will co-

operate with psychopathology in the public schools. There is room here only to hint at the usefulness of science in solving the hardest problems of education, for our schools have been laboring and groaning under the burden of defectiveness, whereby five percent or less of the pupils hold back all the rest and impose a great cost on the school systems. The schools have their problem of repeaters quite as much as the prisons.

Dr. Hickson discusses this preventive side of psychopathology and sees its greatest future here. When the potential criminal can be diagnosed with certainty *before any serious offense has been committed*, and given such treatment that the best that is in him will be developed and the worst kept under check, the courts will become what they should be, preventive of crime. It is prevention, in fact, that we are determinedly seeking. Cure comes too late. This discloses a noble aim and one not too remote by any means.

This is the best answer to the person who instinctively fights the proposal to subject to mental investigation the "brute" who has committed some shocking crime. That objector says: "Death is none too good for such a wretch, whether crazy or not!"

The student of the new science replies: "The fate of this one criminal is of little consequence. Hang him, if you will, but next month and next year there will be other murders committed just as brutal. The purpose of psychopathology is to *determine in advance* these enemies of society and shut them up *before they have killed.*"

CRIMINALS OF CHICAGO

I.

TENTACLES OF THE TRAFFIC.

We are in a typical Chicago block. In the center is a chintzed chop suey, flanked on the right by a Chinese laundry, on the left by a draught- and drug-store, which in addition to legitimate pharmacy also dispenses candy and ice-cream to the boys and girls that attend the high school in the rear block, sells postage stamps and juvenile cigarettes, and degenerates less from æsculapian æsthetics by activities evidenced in the installation of a telephone booth. Its windows are variegated with a display of douches, suspensories, electric belts to regenerate lost vitality, and a patent drug bearing the trade-mark of a ram's head and guaranteed to impart the energies of the emblem, and other fitting exhibits for the neighborhood of a high school. (Some of my friends, evidently more concerned for Mrs. Grundy than they are for the millions of Chicago shoppers and children, have anxiously suggested that no paper will publish this description of a Chicago drug-store window, however typi-

cal. If the picture is so Paphian, how much more Fescennine must be the original which I desire to have repressed by this realism?)

Before and after school hours the telephone booth is filled with a bevy of boisterous and slangous girls who take full advantage of the fact that, although the uninitiated are compelled to drop a nickel into the slot, esoterics are allowed free calls. Many of these gargoylous girls on their way home drop into the laundry, not always to emerge with a cardboard box of linen, and it is remarkable how the jaundiced dhobi finds time to entertain these palefaces, while he carefully notates their addresses, phone numbers, and every item of family history that they ingenuously impart.

Adjoining the laundry is a garage, at the left corner a saloon, condemned as all of that ilk by its architectural devices for latitation; at the other corner a movie theatre more kinematic in its throng than on its screen.

Above Richard Rattler's saloon and Wago Waginsky's drug-store are several halls usually let for dances, weddings, and secret society functions; over Fujii are furnished rooms managed by Madame Coupler; Ching Wo Po is superimposed by

Professor Gulliver, a famous medium; Sister Innocent, a much demanded midwife, looks down upon Steve Speedway, the proprietor of the garage; and next to her are the offices of Dr. Pureheart, specialist for female ailments and obstetrics.

These varous establishments are heated by steam from a basement to which they all have access, and intercommunication is further facilitated by a balcony that runs the whole length of the second floors.

The back half of the block, surrounded by a wooden fence and gates usually ajar, faces the high school, serves as a short cut from the school to the back entrance of Waginsky's, an emergency exit from the movies, and not seldom as a convenient approach to the vennel behind Rattler and Fujii. This vacant plot, dump of lumber and barrels, is the modern arena and grove of crap gladiators in school recess, and of Eleusinian mysteries during the movie intervals.

The oracle in charge of all these accessories to civilization, the Janus-faced janitor, is Rob Righteous, only inhabitant of the basement, regular communicant,—eulogist, apologist, and chucker-out of the liquid-lambative landlord, Richard Rattler.

I passed along this block one midnight when suddenly a booklet was thrust into

my hand. I glanced casually at the title, "Secrets of Life Plainly Told For Men," looked at the building, and as my eyes and ears and brain became alert, I halted. I caught the sign "Dr. Pureheart," and remembered that this name had lately appeared in the Press, denying that any immorality existed among high school girls. I heard music (or was it a charivari?) and dancing above the saloon; I noticed several girls inspecting Waginsky's Malthusian manikins for maenads; I saw a painted *demi-mondaine* slide into Rattler's.

Was I again a student in the Quartier Latin? No! I saw a bright-eyed child of twelve seated with a boy her own age on a garbage box, and the inscription was English: "Help Keep the City Clean."

The whimsical desire filled me to open the lid and drop that boy and girl in. I approached them and heard the boy say:

"Gee, kid, there goes yer sister, May, and her feller. Ain't they a goin' into the chop suey?"

I turned in the direction indicated and saw a beautiful girl of sixteen just pass into Fujii's.

"Yah! She's goin' to gradyerate this year. Hi! kids, come right here. Did yer see Charlie Chaplin? Ain't he jest cute?"

Then it struck me that the street was

full of boys and girls. Surely, these Americans are "crazy," thought I, to allow their children to run about in this manner, at this hour, and in this neighborhood, alone. In Europe they would have been put to bed at 9 P. M., and would never at any time be allowed to roam about such surroundings by themselves. But I thought of Dr. Pureheart's asseverations, and Dr. Pureheart is an honest man.

I turned to the pretty child who apparently was there to "Help Keep the City Clean," and enquired gently:

"Why does your mother allow you to stay here till midnight?"

She looked at me saucily, and the other children gathered round and stared at me with amused curiosity.

"My God! what a question! Why it helps to edjercate us!"

When I heard the name of the Creator taken in vain by this child, I was again tempted to "Help Keep the City Clean," but I curbed my anger, and thought of the "Mam" school in the next block that was *edjercating* these children in this fashion, and I turned into the chop suey.

"Jesus!" hooted a boy behind me, "ain't he a guy, don't he look like Charlie Chaplin?"

And another retorted:

"No, he ain't, kid. Christ! didn't yer see it's Buffalo Bill?"

May sat at a table with her *feller,* another woman and another man. On this occasion I did not try to analyze the effect my appearance made on the spectators, an idiosyncracy to which I am often prone. My physiognomy and physique are unusual and always attract attention. I am five feet two inches, have a thirty-nine chest, and weigh one hundred and fifty pounds, so you can well imagine that I am too Napoleonic around the waist for an active abstainer of forty. My hands and feet are tiny and delicate like those of a lady, yet I can walk fifty miles a day, and wring the neck of a giant. But it is my tri-colored Vandyke beard and heavy upturned mustaches, black, brown, and grey, that create the cynosure.

Then my olfactory organ receives its unmerited share of attention. A few years ago it was perfectly straight. Now since my horse rolled over a precipice with me, it is a cross between a Semitic bridge and a *bon viveur's* nostrils; that is, the tip has been flattened and inflated, and gives my whilom Welsh naze a decidedly aquiline caste.

My almost black hair, thick, and parted in the middle, surrounds the brow of an

artist, sleuth, seer, and student; and the brown eyes, when they are not inwardly brooding or staring far away into other realms, can laugh as a baby to its mother, or sear into your soul as the Scythe of Time. The innocent love the face in spite of its blemish; the criminal instinctively recognizes his antithesis; the nervous, careless, and inane woman betrays her pique before the deliberate, methodical, and intellectual male that despises and pities her.

A few words of Fujii in Japanese, which I understand the least perfectly of a score of languages, caused me on this occasion to synthetize my own impressions. Fujii was not a pure-bred Jap; he was too tall and too fat, and reminded me more of a Chinese carving of a wrestler. His voice was low and effeminate; and as he passed hither and thither in his slippers, he seemed always ready for a throw.

He approached me with an almost supercilious indifference. I did not give him an order, but looked him over from head to heel. Then I examined the tablecloth. Regarding him straight in the eye, I now said very quietly:

"When you put a clean cloth on the table, I shall give you an order."

He trembled as if connected with a

battery, his hands came on to the table, and the fingers twitched; but I did not see them, for I was transfixing his murderous eyes. He wanted to spring at me, but my perfect tranquility undecided him. He stepped backwards until he reached the kitchen door, and pressing it open with his back, disappeared. A waiter now emerged with a clean tablecloth, and I ordered an American chop suey. Fujii did not reappear that evening.

May, who was "goin' to gradyerate," wore a short white skirt that displayed part of a beautiful calf above her high bronzed shoes laced with white strings; a transparent shirt-waist that served only to accentuate her chemise *à jour,* gaping when she bent over her plate to expose the little that was not entirely bare. She was practically sleeveless, as the gauze that surrounded her armpits, permitted me to see that they were clean-shaven. She had blue eyes, and although her hair was blond, her brows were pencilled brown to increase their apparent length. One kiss-curl lay plastered to her brows, two beau-catchers to her cheeks in front of her ears, and the rest of her hair rose in pyramidal puffs for at least six inches above her numbskull. Her porous pachyderm lay buried beneath an avalanche of powder, relieved under the

beau-catchers and on the lips by a touch of rouge. When she laughed—and usually her lips were parted—she disclosed several gold molars and sybaritic gums. She was evidently in the habit of using some corrosive cathartic, and had ruined her skin in her attempts to hide the fact that her red corpuscles were running to seed. Yet she was beautiful, healthy, and well-developed for a girl of sixteen.

Her vis-a-vis, whom she addressed as Calls, was almost similarly attired in pale pink, but she was a brunette and twenty years of age. She had large, bright black eyes surrounded by dark circles, yet her complexion was so flushed that she did not require any heightening of carmen and could barely tone it down by constant recourse to her chamois. Her eyes were further remarkable for the great width that separated them, a sure sign of the possessor's vanity and imbecility, in spite of the popular novelist's characters to the contrary. The great thinkers have never had those prominent, deployed pupils, constant thought beetles the brows, narrows the lids, coarctates the orbs.

Her lips were loose, full, and displayed a tiny fold over the upper teeth when she laughed. The weakness of her character, the voluptuousness of her nature, immedi-

ately bared themselves to me when the risible muscles came into play. The dark rings told me of a constant drain and insufficient sleep; the erubescent skin, of alcohol or opium and excesses.

I gathered from the conversation that she was a switch-board operator.

May's *feller* was the typical model of an advertising placard. Tall, attenuated, debonair, and sylphlike; a rather short nose, and flaxen pompadour. His clothes were of immaculate cut and the very finest material, and convinced me, without the additional evidence of a first-water scarf-pin and ring, that he was more used to sipping a highball at the club and guzzling beer at a college keg stag than to dining at Fujii's. His face did not betray any intellectuality, but still bore the flush of an electric massage, as his finger nails, the polish of an expert manicure.

They called him Jack and Jambon, and snatches of talk led me to believe that he was the son and heir of a pork potentate.

The only strong character of the party was the other man. I judged him to be a detective, and later events proved my surmise to be correct. Over six feet, powerful, massive-jawed, with swarthy skin, and firm, thin lips that hardly parted when he spoke or laughed sardonically.

His voice was deep and guttural, and he spoke in monosyllables, as if under constant restraint. Across his low forehead, almost in a line with his beaked nose, ran a red scar that gave him a sinister appearance.

Calls loved him and feared him as a bitch her master, and Steel treated her as a master.

The meal over, the quartette, instead of leaving by the front entrance, disappeared in the rear of the chop suey. I waited a few moments, and then attempted an exit in the same direction; but Fujii, who had evidently been watching me from behind his wicket, sent a waiter to tell me that I could not leave except the way I came. To allay suspicion, I said that I desired to wash my hands, and was directed to the lavatory in the basement. There I made a careful inspection, but discovered nothing more questionable than a steel door with a patent lock.

I paid my quarter, and then made the tour of the block as previously described. Rob Righteous espied me, and asked me my business.

"I'm looking for a furnished room, but I think it's too late to go and ask upstairs. You see, I work in the day, and I've got to move to-morrow, and if I can't get fixed

up to-night, I'll be in a pickle. If you can help me, I'll make it worth your while."

"Ye're a forinir, ain't ye?"

"Yes."

"I could see ye're a Frenchy. [I'm a Welshman, but did not intend to be the goat.] I don't know as how Madame Coupler would let ye have a room. She's got mostly wimin, an' she's mighty pertikler, an' she charges stiff."

I passed him $2.

"But we can go up an' see. Ye see, I 'as got charge o' this building, an' if I put in a good word, she'll listen to me. Ye see, I'm a member o' the church, an' I'm responsible for the pertiklerness o' this block, an' it's mighty pertikler it is. Ye never see a drunk at Rattler's, the cleanest saloon in Chi. No wimin or crooks around here while Rob Righteous has the keys."

We had arrived at Madame's. Righteous rang the bell, and a negro opened the door. When he saw Rob, he called to the back: "It's Massa Righteous, Ma'am," and Rob passed by him leaving me at the door.

After several minutes' conference, the janitor returned and told the negro to show me in.

"When ye come down, let me know what luck ye've had. I told Madame Coupler that ye're O. K.; but she's got her rules and regilashins."

I was ushered into Madame's presence, a big, fat female of forty, painted, powdered, dyed, and bejewelled. As she scrutinized me, I heard May's orgastic giggle in an adjoining room.

"You want a furnished room? My price is $6 a week. Is that too high?"

"Not if I can get every home comfort."

The folds of her face broke into a laugh, and displayed her false teeth.

"That depends on what you call home comforts."

"Well, you know what I mean. I don't want to stay in a Y. M. C. A."

"Yes, I think I understand. But where are you staying now, and what's your business? I like to know who I let my rooms to."

"I'm a foreign correspondent," and I named a swell hotel where I was *not* staying.

"And will you please leave me your card?"

"I'm sorry, I haven't got my cards," and I rummaged in my pockets, "but my name is I."

"Well, Monsieur High, I'll let you see the room."

I was shown into a beautifully furnished room, redolent with violet perfume, and pervaded by a dim red light. On the walls

were several nude vignettes which evidently had once adorned a Parisian boudoir. The chamber undoubtedly awoke my artistic temperament.

"I'll take the room, and bring my grips to-morrow. Shall I pay you now?"

"Yes, if you don't mind."

I gave her six dollars, and went downstairs to tell Rob Righteous of my good fortune.

"I tell ye, Mr. Eye, ye're mighty lucky, because she's mighty pertikler, as I told ye. But seeing that ye're a Frenchy, an' she's been in Parees, an' she's a bit softy on yer countrymen [this with a wink], she took my word for ye, an' took ye in."

"And I'm very thankful to you, I assure you, and if I am able to do anything for you, I'll be only too pleased, Mr. Righteous. —By the way, that's a nice name you have, and I'm quite certain that it's very appropriate."

Mr. Righteous raised his hand in righteous modesty.

"Naw, naw; but ye see I'm a reglir member o' the church, an' accordin'ly I 'as got to keep this block pertikler, an' I 'as got to be a bit pertikler myself.—But ye've got a funny name yeself, Mr. Eye."

"I expect my family got that name because they all have peculiar eyes. Just

you take a good look at them, Mr. Righteous, and your own excellent judgment will convince you of the peculiarity. But I think we had better go into the hall, or we shall have a crowd around us in a minute."

I took his arm, and drew him into the doorway before he was able to form any judment of his own, and as soon as I got him to a recess where I thought no one would interrupt us, I looked full into his eyes, and began to exert my hypnotic powers over him.

"Now take a good look. Do you see those two yellow blotches in the whites? Don't look at the outside corners of the eyes, look towards the nose. Ah! That's it."

I made several rapid passes, and Righteous began to totter.

"Well, those yellow blotches sometimes glitter like diamonds. Take a good look, but don't let them dazzle you."

His eyelids sank heavily, and I had him under my influence.

I willed him to descend the hall stairs and unlock a heavy door in the basement. We entered a living-room which, after the light was turned on, I surmised belonged to Righteous himself. I commanded him then to lock the door by which we had entered.

The perspiration was already streaming from his pores, and he was extremely pallid and weak. I therefore told him to lie down on the bed, sleep soundly for two hours, lose all remembrance of what had occurred, and at the words "Yellow Blotches" to fall again under my will.

I took his keys, and determined to discover whether any cryptic ramifications would give me the clue to the few Japanese words I had caught from Fujii.

Every drawer, closet, and door was locked with a patent key that was inserted and turned in some peculiar fashion. I was accordingly compelled to take Righteous with me to open the doors, while I carefully watched how he manipulated the keys and locks. I feared that he would collapse at any moment, as this was his first experience under hypnotism, and I had to exert an almost lethargizing lode to make him obey me and not lapse into lipothymy.

Adjoining the living-room under Fujii's were his kitchen and bedroom. To the right, under Ching Wo Po, were the furnace and boiler, separated from the rest of the basement by fireproof partitions as prescribed by city ordinance, but this salutary provision here served a lethiferous purpose. Then, extended on either side

were coal bins, drug-stores, saloon cellars, heaps of wood, packing-cases, barrels, window screens, and storm doors. Under the saloon, the chop suey and the movies there were walled-off spaces, which I took to be lavatories, and I noticed they all had heavy doors such as I had seen in Fujii's lavatory.

There was nothing suspicious in all this. Was I mistaken? I had examined every door in the basement and had discovered nothing unusual.

I allowed the janitor to lie on the bed, turned out the light, sat down near him and began to think.

Suddenly I heard a raucous voice almost at my ear, and I must admit that it gave me a shock. I dared not turn on the light, lest it should betray me.

I drew my revolver and bending over the janitor commanded him to tell me whence the voice proceeded.

"Under my bed."

I am not afraid of death, and am considered fearless, yet at that moment my legs turned cold when I thought they were within reach of that sepulchral voice.

I stepped back, in imitation of Fujii, and, pointing my weapon beneath the couch, I demanded:

"Who are you?"

"It's the phone," replied Righteous, and my heart gave a bound of relief.

I turned on the light, ordered him to rise, and, examining the bed, found that it could be swung back into the wall, was in fact a bed-in-wall. I raised it and discovered the ends of a wire-tapping system and a receiver within reach of the occupant of the couch. I put the receiver to my ear, but the voice had died away. This disclosure, however, redoubled my suspicions, and I asked if there were any doors we had not opened. The janitor hesitated.

"I command you to lead me to the door where you hide the white slaves."

The suggestion given in this manner and being veridical, could not be denied.

The back wall of the basement, under Fujii's, was composed of unplastered bricks. The janitor approached the wall, drew out one of the bricks that worked on a hinge and catch, inserted a key, and pushed open a door, the face of which was covered with bricks exactly similar to those which composed the wall.

Unless an inkling of its existence had previously entered his mind, this door would have defied detection by the most astute sleuth or cunning architect known to criminal annals.

II.

MADAME COUPLER.

The following evening I brought my grips, or at least part of them, for I expected to have my possessions examined during my absence.

While I was busy unpacking, Madame knocked at the door, and after I had asked her to come in and take a seat, she inquired whether she could be of any assistance to me.

"I'll take the will for the deed, as I would not dare to put you to any trouble, even if I was not already through. But don't go away, I shall be glad to have your conversation and company."

She offered me a cigarette.

"I'm sorry, I don't smoke."

"O Lord, and I expect you don't drink either?"

"Now, don't mind me," and I struck a match; "smoke your cigarette and take your drink, if it will make you feel more at home."

While I was holding the light to her cigarette, she took hold of my hand.

"My, what a small hand, just like a girl's!"

"What about the drink," I suggested evasively, withdrawing my hand from a caress that apathized me.

"I think I'll drink a bottle of stout," and she called to the negro to bring her the beverage.

I had purposely seated myself on the davenport some distance from her, but as soon as she had gulped down the malt, she came over and pounced herself down next to me, and again took my hand.

"Don't be afraid of me, my dear; I won't eat you, although I should like to. I think I'll call you, *mon ami,* Monsieur High, it reminds me of gay Paris."

At that moment I could not help thinking of the innumerable men and women whom an inexorable law bound inseparably to a partner that they loathed as I loathed this female, and yet they lived through it all. Would it kill me? No, though "they that touch pitch will be defiled." I would be a Jesuit for the nonce. "The end justifies the means," yet would I not forget that "Hell is paved with good intentions." I became physically passive, though the

lump in my throat would not descend. Mentally the interaction was reversed.

"Won't you tell me something about your other roomers?"

"Why, I have my *pensionnaires, mon ami;* and they'd all be nice respectable girls if it wasn't for that *sacré maquereau,* Steel. And that reminds me, you'd better keep out of sight while he's in the house, or he'll make me tell you to quit. He won't have any men rooming here regularly, as he doesn't want them to see his goings-on, and then he's suspicious that some one may come here to spy on him. But he's pretty high up, and he'll take a lot of shaking. But I'll let you know when he's here, and then you can lie low."

"Tell me which is his room, so that I can keep out of his way."

"When he's here, he usually sticks to number eight."

"I noticed the room. It looks like the best in the flat, though it is hidden away from passers-by. Was this flat specially built by him so that he could hide himself in that room?"

Madame laughed.

"I don't know; but you're right. All these flats are built exactly the same, room for room. The doctor has his surgery in his number eight, Sister Innocent has her

lying-in chamber in her number eight, and the medium has his séances in his number eight."

I did not allow Madame to notice how much her information interested me.

"Don't you think it would be a good idea to disguise myself? I've got a tight-fitting black pulcinella that covers me entirely except over the eyes and nostrils. If I wear over this a capote and rubber shoes, he would not recognize me, in case he came across me, and I could pass as a woman."

"Geewiz, that's an excellent idea; but you don't know Steel. He's one of the smartest tecs in Chi, although he's a crook."

"But I don't understand how he can order you about. Is he the boss here?"

"No, I'm the boss, I pay the rent; but when he gets drunk—which is not very often, he's too fly for that—he makes me give him my honest earnings, he robs my *pensionnaires*, and beats them about and puts them through such pacings that I am surprised one of them has not squealed or put a knife into him yet. But what can I do? He can put us all behind the bars, and if we said anything, the judges would not believe us, or if they did, he's got too much pull to be hurt, or he'd get out of it by pleading that it was part of his scheme

to try and find out all about us. Besides, the judges are no better than he is; one of them comes here regularly, and knows that Steel owns this block through Bloater, the banker. The policeman on this beat squeezes us for his share too. All of us, the saloon, the drug-store, the chop suey, the Chinaman, the garage, the doctor, the midwife, the medium, we all pay Steel double rent, and whatever he can rob us of."

"But what does the laundry do to get into his clutches?"

"They smoke opium in the basement, they sell drink and cigarettes and dope to boys and girls; when they get into trouble, they come up to the doctor or the midwife or the medium, and he sends them to the doctor for a percentage, and the doctor sends them to the drug-store for a percentage. If Steel brings some one up here, I dare not refuse to take them in. And God knows what they do down in the basement! I'm an honest woman, *Chéri,* and it's my own fault that I'm here."

Her voice grew plaintive, and the tears began to roll over her fat cheeks.

"Coupler is my Christian name, not my family name. My father invented the railway-coupler and gave me this name in remembrance of his invention."

"I see the inventive genius of other members of the family runs in a similar direction," I hinted mildly, but Madame had become too lachrymose under the influence of her souvenirs, cigarettes, suit, and stout to notice my compatible comparison.

"He left me a pot of money. I went to Paris and Monte Carlo; and here I am to be squeezed by that *sacré maquereau.* No wonder I can't get out of this. And it's the same with my *pensionnaires.* There's that gentle Yvette. She got a decent job in a department store. Steel heard it and made her quit. These tecs and police don't want any reformed women about; it cuts down their pin-money, and when a woman can earn a respectable living, she becomes independent of her official protectors, and one day she may blab."

"I should like to know Yvette, you've made me quite interested. Won't you give me an introduction?"

Madame was immediately on her guard.

"No, I won't give you a knock-down to her. What you want to know her for? Ain't I good enough for you?"

"Now, now, you need not get mad or jealous; I only wanted to help her get a job in some other town."

"Oh, so you're one of those guys that

goes round picking up fallen women. If you think you can try any of those stunts on Yvette or on any other of my *pensionnaires*, you can quit right away, and here's your six dollars. D' ye get me?"

I twisted my hand out of Madame's clasp, and seizing hers began to fondle it in jiujitsu fashion.

"My God!" she screamed, "let go my hand, you're hurting me, you little black devil!"

"Madame," I said composedly, without loosening my grasp, and giving her another slight wrench that made her squirm and turn pale, "I get you. If you give me back my money, I'll pack my traps at once. But I think you've told me sufficient to make things rather warm for you, and I'll see Yvette just the same."

Madame had recourse to the mollifier that wears away the hardest rock. The tears trickled from her eyes in terror and torture.

"Please, Sir, let go my hand. I didn't mean to insult you. If you like, I'll call Yvette at once. Oh, please, Sir, let go my hand, or I'll faint or call the boy. I really didn't mean it."

I did not release my grip, but I relaxed the rack.

"O my God!" she sighed in relief, "I

was afraid you were going to kill me. Shall I call Yvette? Are you really a reformer, or were you only joking? If you are, I hope you won't ruin me. I'm an honest woman, and I meant you no harm. I only wanted you all for myself. Shall I go away now, Sir? And do you want your $6? Please forgive me, Sir. I was only a bit jealous and excited, and I had too much stout."

"No, I don't want my money back; I'll stay on now. And you may remain here, if you like. I'm not a reformer, as you call it, and you needn't call Yvette. I thought you wanted her to get out of this, and I really wanted to do you a favor by helping her. You're not a bad sort, after all; only you get mad too quick. I'll be your *ami* again, if you like."

Inwardly I determined to see Yvette, and send her to a friend of mine in the country, who was looking for a French lady's maid. I had often thought that the State showed its crass decrepitude in handling the social evil, as it did in every other of its activities; and among the reforms which I pondered for the Future State and which I determined to experiment on myself, if I could find funds and friends, was a Magdalene Moralizer.

These women are not criminals until

rendered so by State compulsion. It is not the jail they need, but a hybrid between a convent and a factory. Here they must be employed, between religious exercises, in earning their own living at female vocations, and paid by the piece so that they may appreciate the rewards of individual industry.

Such a Magdalene Moralizer would, therefore, be self-supporting, and the Magdalenes must have the spending of their wages, in ways which their natures no less than those of the virtuous women of your time desire.

Attached to the Moralizer must be a Department Store, a Ball Room, and a Theatre, where they may fritter away their earnings in baubles, disport themselves in decolleté toilettes, weep or laugh over the latest movie star or actor and actress who will generously deign to visit them; and Tea Parties, at which their latest scandals may be septically susurrated, should not be altogether tabooed.

But to revert to Madame. Her idyl was as sudden in its interruption as in its inception. My small, soft hands were now a repulsion instead of an attraction. The inflated nostrils were no longer to her an index of moral laxity but of mobile lungs. Of the relish there remained only regard, respect, and reverence.

I proffered Madame my hand, as I wished her pleasant dreams, but it remained unshaken.

As soon as she left me, with a wistful look in her moist eyes, I carefully examined the walls, the floor, the ceiling of my room to discover whether there was any device for listening or spying on me. Then I drew a plan of the flat and put in the approximate measurements as I had previously paced them. This comparatively simple task completed, I donned my pulcinella, capote, and rubbers, and slipped out of the house unseen with a hand-bag which was the only part of my belongings which would not bear too close scrutiny.

In the vacant half of the block, I went through some perambulating evolutions and geodetic calculations which finally landed me under a most fortuitous formation of lumber, barrels, and boxes. As I have previously remarked, this was the resort of many who had evidently utilized their trysting terms to prepare such lurking lures, and those who passed would not have been surprised if they had discovered me here, neither would they have intruded on or betrayed me, for there is honor among thieves.

I opened my bag and, choosing a drill, began my Columbian quest for the anti-

podes. After an hour's patient toil, I inserted my periscope, but was not able to sight even as much as Columbus did on a pitch-black night when his men, filled with fear and doubt, threatened to return.

I attached my microphone, but neither was this more microcoustic than my periscope, perspicacious.

Had I erred? Again I applied myself to mensurations, and arrived at the same Q. E. D.

I placed my ear anew at the orifice. What was that? I listened intently, and above the beating of my heart caught the shuffling of feet. Then the impatient inkling to glean another glance took possession of me. Where had my wits been? How could I expect to discern anything in darkness? When the approaching person switched on the light, my vision would be vibrated as now was undulated my audition.

That I might use both senses at the same time, I now attached a dictaphone tube to the periscope. The human noises, intermingled with sounds of furniture and utensils, drew nearer, until suddenly my optic nerve was dazzled by a stream of light.

When my eye grew accustomed to the glare, I perceived with joy that the crypt

I had visited on the previous night with my mesmerized manciple was now within my range. There were the couch, the dresser, the bath, the electric cooker, the radiator, the exhaust and the indraught fans, the soft carpets decking the floor, and every appurtenance possible in one compartment. No windows to hold out hope, and only one heavy steel door, clamped like that of a safe, gave egress to a tunnel and entrance to a second vault fitted out for another form of hellish hospitality.

But here is the caretaker of these catacombs, dusting to prepare for dirt. I must hurry. The vultures are preparing for their prey.

I now took another insidious invention out of my bag, and tested its collapsion. The white rubber horn and bladder drum flew open with a slight snap, taking the shape of a miniature phonograph funnel. I squeezed it together between my fingers and tried it again. It was a transmitting microphone, the fruits of my own ingenuity. Withdrawing the inner tube of the periscope which contained the prism, the object and the eye-glasses, I screwed the trumpet to the end of another tube and slipped it down the shaft. Then I glued my lips to the pipe and shouted several times:

"Yellow Blotches! Yellow Blotches!"

When I looked again, the janitor was subservient to my behests.

"Let me into your room, by the alley entrance in the basement."

I carefully folded the transmitter, and laid it in my bag, reinserted the periscope for future use, and, covering the end with a cap, hid it under a layer of sand.

While Righteous reposed in a rocker, I visited the crypt and found that the periscope projected about two inches from the ceiling. This I remedied as soon as I got above ground.

Then I devoted my energies to tapping the tappers. I had brought with me several coils of wire, similar to the kind used here, so that an additional one strung in the midst of the dozens which circled the walls might not attract attention. I attached two, one a tapper, the other a transmitter. These I led out of the basement through an alley skylight, and left the ends at the bottom of a rain spout.

Slipping off my capote into the bag which I strapped around my shoulders, for it was rather heavy, I now climbed one of the balcony posts on to the roof, detached my burden, and dropped down the spout two insulated wires which I connected up on my descent.

It was still too early to pursue my task on the roof, so I spent my time testily till about 2 A. M. in the lumber piles, watching the backstairs *habitués*.

The roof was French, or what is more commonly called curb. Catherine-wheel dormer windows faced the street, and were partly hidden from below by a crenelated balustrade; the back butted on to the balcony roof. I pushed the ends of my wires under the tiles which lapped into the guttering, and then crawled over the ridge piece to the extreme window. As I expected, it was nailed on the inside, as were all the others which I tried in succession. This did not intercept my passage long. With the steel wheel of my jack-knife I cut out a pane, inserted a pair of pliers, and drew out the two nails which held the frame in place. I pushed in the window, and wriggled through into the musty, cobwebbed loft.

Before attempting a gingerly-picked peregrination across joints and girders, between queen-posts and struts, I put the dormer back in position and fastened it with a hinge to the top and with a bolt at the bottom, so that the wind might not force it open.

Then I went in search of my wires, somewhat as a Diogenes, but with better

success. It had been my intention to let them down into my closet, but since the shattering of Madame's ardent hopes, I had a presentiment that my domiciliary dulcitude would have to be removed to fields and pastures new, as Madame's dulciloquy would no doubt be transferred to more appreciative ears. My ears must be attuned for harsher cacophany.

I accordingly fastened them to one of the queen-posts, and attached the microphones. Would they work? I listened. Surely that was Righteous cussing most unrighteously.

"I must a been drunk. Me head feels like a barrel o' booze. I wonder if I cleaned up the dens? I'll go an' take a squint. Steel told me Jack's bringin' sum un, an' they're a goin' to have a pipe. Blast me noddle!"

Then I heard a door slam.

If the one worked, I trusted the other would, but would put it to the test on some other occasion.

I now took out my tape measure and went through manœuvres somewhat similar in their purpose to those I had performed on the ground, but with more precision, and on my hands and knees.

I inserted three periscopes; one into Madame's number eight; another into

Sister Innocent's; and the third into Dr. Pureheart's. To the latter I attached a dictagraph, for I did not expect to be always able to reach this whispering clerestory, and never in the daytime.

My scientific aids were now complete. I had racked my brain in search of some means to approach the saloon and the garage, but they were on the ground floor, and the basement beneath them was occupied by liquor vats and petrol tanks respectively, so that at all hours of the night there was the risk of someone intruding upon my criminological reconnaissance. I gave it up as something beyond my powers.

When I reached the parapet, the dawn was just beginning to break across Lake Michigan. Not a cloud obscured the sky, and Venus greeted me with celestial candor, and filled my soul with adoration for my Maker.

It seemed to me as if I stood here between heaven and hell. Over me rolled the realms of the blessed; above the rumble of the city I heard the music of the spheres, "the speech of angels," "like the faint, exquisite music of a dream"; below were "the hue of dungeons and the scowl of night," the mutterings and machinations of Mephistophelian myrmidons, the inhabitants of Pandemonium.

I shuddered.

My spirit wished to mount "the great world's altar stairs, that slope through darkness up to God," but my task was here.

I sank to my knees in prayer, and then slid down to my chamber the way I had come.

III.

MAY MISOGAMY.

The following day was Saturday, Saturn's day, the festival of Saturn. Thou son of Cœlus and Terra, father of Jupiter, even today thy Saturnalia are celebrated! I say *thy* Saturnalia, but was not thine the *golden age,* distinguished for its purity, integrity, and simplicity; for the mildness and wisdom of thy reign? Then perish the paradox!

The unrestrained license of all classes which extended even to the slaves is no less rampant today than in ancient Rome. Saturday night is the night of vice and crime and drunkenness; and even the virtuous unchain their passions on Saturday night, for they can "rest" and recuperate on Sunday. If they but knew that their need for this recuperation labels their actions, even though licensed, as vice! And was it a wise Providence that instituted Sunday to follow Saturday night, that humanity might have an immediate avolation from its sins; or was it a vulpine

sept that botched a Saturday night before Sunday in calculation of a more easily attained absolution?

As soon as it grew dark enough, I climbed to the loft, and after an examination of the periscopes and microphones, put the dictagraph to my ears.

I caught the conclusion of a conversation that did not interest me, then a voice which I soon after recognized as that of Jambon.

"I say, Doc, May's got something the matter with her, and she's coming round to see you to-morrow. It won't take you long to fix her up, and she can rest all day at Innocent's and then Speedway can take her home in a machine at ten in the evening, before her people get in."

"Alright; when's she coming?"

"About eight in the morning, and as her people are invited out with the kids, she can get into bed before any of them return. On Monday morning she'll tell her folks to ring you up, then you can run round and tell them some cock-and-bull story; and I expect she'll be out again in a couple of days. Now, I don't want you to make a mess of it. You'd better give her a sleeping draught to take home with her to keep her quiet till you get there on Monday morning."

"It'll cost you five hundred dollars."

"What, five hundred dollars! You took only fifty from Yvette a week ago."

"That's my business. You'll pay five hundred or tell her to go to some other doctor, or you can take her to Sister Innocent,"

"Innocent would send me round here, and you know it, you old money-grab. And I can't speak to May; she gets on my nerves. I'm tired of what she calls her eternal love. I'll tell you what; I'll give you the five hundred if you tell her to keep away from this block. I'm going to get another girl, and I don't want any scenes—Here's your check."

"Thanks, I don't want your check."

"What's that, isn't my signature good enough for you?"

"Your signature's good enough for fifty thousand, but I don't want to cash any of your checks. Bring it round in bills, and I'll tell the kid to hook on to some other guy, as soon as she can stand it."

There was nothing else of interest to my eyes or ears here, I therefore slid down to periscope number one. It was Smoke Night, as the initiated called it. The scenes and sounds which shook me that night must be reserved for the following chapter, suffice that they resulted in another person accompanying me to Pureheart's periscope at 8 A. M. on Sunday morning.

That night I took a quick look and turned away, for the revolting operation was too repulsive even for my senses hardened in the slaughter and surgery of battlefields. There lay May in the oblivion of the scopolamin-morphine anæsthetic, popularly known as "twilight sleep." I commanded my captive to look.

O God! If I could then have had all the other members of her sex and age to take but a fleeting glance at that horrible Nemesis of shame and sin, how many would I not have drawn back from the brink of the Stygian abyss whence there can be no rescue!

Mothers of Chicago daughters, mistresses of Chicago schools! It is your duty to warn the virginity entrusted to your suckling and teaching against the inevitable vengeance of transgression. While you bury your heads beneath the sand, the violation of your nests is consummated. The conspiracy of silence, the duplicity of denial, will not protect your homes. None can speak but the tongue of Dr. Pureheart, and his is the tongue of *démenti.* Others speak of what they know not.

Civic guardians of Chicago! When the censors of public morals, the detectors of social crime, may anticipate a living only during a presidential term, they are

tempted to provide in that brief spell for the many lean years that must inevitably follow. The Republican judge brow-beats the Democratic prisoner, as the Democratic magistrate bears down the Republican culprit.

Should a man be deprived of his work because he is honest and a Republican, or should another be entrusted with that work because he is a Democrat and dishonest?

It is a question that is easily resolved by upright men, civic guardians of Chicago!

And why are male morons lynched or incarcerated and female morons given heart balm, alimony and lawyers' fees by judges who often participate in the promiscuous embraces of these women? Because the former are the elemental outbursts of the people's desire for virtue; the latter, the cursed hunger for gold legalized at Springfield, a cesspool of vice and corruption. The judges and lawyers who share in the extortions and embraces of these women are pimps and panders, whatever their positions at the bar or on the bench. Without lawyers' fees, such cases of extortion would be impossible; women cannot pay fees out of their own honest earnings. And without discriminating

legislation, a female moron would be stamped for what she is, whether she wear a wedding ring or an engagement ring or not. These metal circlets are sought by these women merely as links of evidence and never convert her into a virtuous fiancee or wife. And why are these female morons often congratulated and even envied by members of her own sex? Because she got away with it. Her rotten body has been plated over with gold. "Serves him right, and bravo for her!" they cry enthusiastically. Because these are the ethics of the "Mam" schools. Because the same type of politician that wallows in prostitution and drunkenness at Springfield, appoints the unmarried school mams to educate the daughters of the Republic. What else can you expect from the appointees of such hypocrites?

It was Wednesday night, the end of my first week, and I took six dollars into Madame's sitting-room.

"I've come to pay you my rent for next week."

Madame did not hold out her hand for the proffered bills.

"Why, what's the matter? Why don't you take the money? Are you going to

make me a reduction, or don't you want me any longer?"

Madame hesitated.

"I thought I was going to be your *ami.*"

"I'm, I'm very sorry, Monsieur High; it's not my fault. I told you about Steel. He's in number eight now, and just asked me about you."

"Why don't you tell him I'm your *ami?*"

"Because you're not. You're a very nice man, and all that, if you hadn't hurt my hand so, but you're too much like a father confessor. I don't believe you've been the *ami* of any woman. There's something about you that would prevent any woman becoming too intimate with you. You're like a minister, and people have to mind their P's and Q's when they're speaking to you. If you'd only smoke or drink like other men, and forget yourself, you might be some woman's *ami;* but you've always got your wits about you, you're too clever; and a woman would think you're playing with her or studying her, even if you were in earnest.

"I don't know why I'm telling you all this. I don't want you to stay here, or at least Steel doesn't; but I don't want you to quit, and think I've got something against you. To tell you the truth, you're too good for me, and I'm ashamed of my-

self when you're here, and I think you ought to stay in a decent place. Now I've told you all, and you've got enough brains to understand me."

Before I could answer her, there was a knock at the door, and May walked in without waiting for an invitation. She looked ghostly pale and there was a wild look in her eyes.

"My God! May, what brought you here? You look sick. I haven't seen you for an age."

"Is Jack here?"

"Yes, he's with Steel."

"I want to see him at once; I'll walk right in."

Then she caught sight of me.

"Meet Mr. High, May."

"How d'ye do, Mr. High? Oh yes! I've noticed you in the chop suey. Please excuse me now; I should like to talk to you, but I'm a little upset, and want to catch a friend."

"I trust I shall have the honor on some future occasion."

May slipped out of the room, and as Madame was about to follow, I stopped her for a moment and told her that I would leave on the morrow. Then I hurried to the roof.

When I attained my microphone, May

and her *feller* were seething in an acrid altercation.

"You hadn't the nerve to tell me yourself, you coward, but let another break it to me, when I was almost dying through your fault. Or perhaps you thought the news would kill me, and you'd be rid of me forever. But I wouldn't die just to spite you."

"If I wanted to get rid of you that way, I wouldn't have paid the doctor $500 for you."

"For me? For yourself, you mean, you liar!"

"You needn't call me names. You know it's not the first five hundred I've spent on you. Didn't your diamonds cost me a couple of thousand? Haven't I always paid your bills downstairs at Waginsky's? I took you to all the cabarets, dances, theatres, and every other place you fancied; so you can't say I spent the money for my own pleasure."

"Yes it was, it was for your own pleasure, and I'll give you back the diamonds. I expect you'll want them for your next victim. No, I won't give them to you; I won't be such a fool. It'll make you buy some others, if you want to snare some one else. And God knows, I've had to suffer more than those diamonds are

worth. I ought to sue you for breach of promise and ruining my life, you cur."

"If you've come here to squeeze me, you'd better name your price and get done with it."

"No, I didn't come to squeeze you, you hound, and you know it. I'm not one of that sort. I came to tell you what I thought of you. I didn't sell myself to you, I loved you. A woman is not like you pigs who love a score at a time. No sooner off with the old than on with the new! I expect you've got another already. It's nothing for you, but for me it's everything. You wakened my love, and now you expect me to live without it, while you do as you please."

"To hear you talk, one might think you've been a faithful woman to me. And Steel sitting here all the time. Perhaps Steel will console you."

The detective sat stolidly in his chair as if not interested in such infantile recriminations.

May turned towards him, not knowing whether to cast down her eyes or stare him out, but his demeanor turned the balance in favor of a brazen challenge.

"You see, he doesn't want to return to his vomit."

May wheeled on her heels and screamed into his face:

"You're both a set of scoundrels. You think I can't get anybody else; I'll show you I can. I'm just as good as a man, and if you think you'll break my heart, or I'll mope, or kill myself, you're jolly well mistaken. I'll get some one as good as either of you, and better."

She paused for breath, then she snapped at him again:

"And you'd better pay for all that medicine; I'm not going to pay for it."

"How much is it?"

"Fifty dollars."

He drew out his check book.

"No it isn't. It's five hundred, a thousand; I want a thousand dollars."

He scrawled his signature, she snatched up the paper, and whirled out of the room.

I met her on the stairs.

"You look very pale, Miss May; may I help you down? I'm afraid you'll fall."

"I wish all the men in the world were dead."

"I beg your pardon."

"No, I didn't mean you, Mr. High," she said suddenly, seizing my arm, as she staggered. "Please help me, don't go away. Take me somewhere, take me home. Oh my head! I don't want to faint here, I don't want him to see me like this."

I lifted her in my arms and carried her

to the balcony in the rear, then down the stairs, and into the little covert under the timber pile.

"Now, don't faint or be afraid. I'll be gone only a second. I'll get you some salts and a drink; then I'll take you home."

It was about two weeks later. I had often seen May at the chop suey and paid for her dinners, but had always succeeded in evading her gentle overtures. This night I noticed her at a table with a type similar to Jack. Jack, Steel, and Calls sat at another table. I took the vacant one between them.

May and her companion were more intimate than a casual acquaintanceship and the propriety of a public restaurant warranted. She was evidently bent on demonstrating to Jambon that she was better off for the change, and she exerted all her feminine wiles to elicit open admiration from her Lothario as a provocating proof that she not only loved, but was loved in return.

Suddenly an exasperating and unforeseen circumstance interrupted this drama. Lothario was called to the phone. When he returned, he looked grave, and his hesitating explanations and apologies filled his listener with dismay. She seemed to

be stunned, and did not recover her equilibrium until he had left the chop suey and her eye fell on me. Then she came to my table.

"Oh, Mr. High, he just heard that his father was taken suddenly ill, and he had to leave me like that. It gave me quite a turn."

"Won't he come back again?"

"Not to-night, but he made a date for to-morrow night. And I was having such a good time. But why is it *you* always look so glum?" she inquired with a sudden change of front. "I don't want to have the blues to-night. Liven up a bit, for my sake. Do now, there's a good chap, and I'll be nice to you too, so nice, you can't think. You know, I really like you, you're such a gentleman, but you treat me just like dad. Now if you'd only imagine that I'm ten years older, and you ten years younger, and that I don't want a dad, you don't know what a good time we'd have together."

She was attempting to put me in the place of Lothario; she had been worked up to such a pitch of recklessness that she was compelled to continue the role she had adopted, and the derangement of her dénouement only made her redouble her darts, though the target had changed.

She was so absorbed in this purpose that she was totally blind to my impregnability.

And I? I was thinking how I could protect this girl of sixteen against herself. To-morrow she would have taken another irrevocable step towards irredeemableness.

A terrible resolve took possession of me.

"Let's go up to Madame Coupler's," she urged excitedly and in a voice that was intended for Jack's ears.

I answered in barely audible tones:

"I don't think I shall be welcome there."

"Well, come with me to another place. I know where we can go, and nobody will see or hear us, and we can have a nice long talk, all by ourselves. Come on."

I followed in her wake. At the hall door sat the janitor. She spoke to him in a whisper, while I held aloof. Then she beckoned to me to approach.

"Don't be afraid, we're going down into the basement. There's such a cosy little nook down there. But we've got to walk in the dark, so that we can't see the way in, and when we're in, we can't get out till the janitor lets us out. Are you afraid?"

"No, I'm not afraid. But will you excuse me just for five minutes? I've got to ring somebody up."

"You're not trying to get away, are you? If you're not back in five minutes, I'll never

forgive you, and I'll never speak to you again."

I was moving off when she put her hand on my arm and stopped me.

"Don't you like me? Tell me the truth. Don't fool me."

"I'm not fooling you. When I say I'll come back, I mean it. But you'll be sorry."

"No, I won't be sorry."

"How about the young fellow that just left you?"

"I don't know, perhaps he fooled me and won't come back to-morrow. I don't think you're like that. You're honest."

"But if he does come back?"

"If he comes back— If you show me to-night that you love me, and he comes back to-morrow, I won't speak to him. But you don't say that you like me. Perhaps you'll tell me when we're alone, eh?"

"And if I'm ever cruel to you?"

"Cruel! Come back quick, you stupid; you couldn't be cruel to a fly."

I hurried up to my lair and took out of my satchel a coil of covered wire. Cutting off a piece about four yards long, I folded it into four, and hid it in my pocket.

"Well, you see I'm back."

"Come on, make haste! I'm dying to hear you talk to me. I'll do nothing but listen. You use such perfect English, not

like a Frenchman at all, and I'm sure you can say nice things if you only want to—

"I'm scared in this dark. I'm always afraid when I come down here. I think I can see ghosts, but I know it's only imagination. Oh! did you see that? Take hold of my arm, so that I can feel you. Make haste, Righteous, I believe you're not going fast on purpose, so that I— Oh! did you see that?"

She threw herself on to my shoulder, and hid her face.

"Come along, Miss May, here we are," and a stream of light burst upon us. We were standing beneath my periscope.

"O, it's you, is it, Mr. Eye? I didn't know ye. So, you want something younger than Madame, I see. Well, I don't blame ye. Miss May's a fine lass, an' if she wasn't, I wouldn't bring ye two here, because I'm responsible for the pertiklerness o' this block, an' I'm a member o' the church. Ye've come to talk it over, eh? Well, ye couldn't a chosen a quieter cranny, an' I'll let no one in on ye for an hour, an' I won't let ye out either. Here's luck, an' I'll throw the first slipper."

"I got quite scared in the dark. I thought I saw an angel holding your other arm. You know I sometimes see things, and Gulliver asked me to sit with him, and he'd

develop me into a good medium. Let's sit down on the couch and talk. My! why do you look so pale and serious. My God! I'm afraid something's going to happen. Why don't you say something, talk, or I'll scream."

"May, I have come here only for one purpose, to ask you never to return to this block again, to devote your life to your studies and some honest profession, to keep your little sister off the streets and prevent her from following in the sinful path which you have chosen, but which it is not too late to forsake, if you will ask God's help. You are only sixteen, and do not know what is before you. Your experience with Jack and Steel and with Pureheart is only a foretaste of what your life will be, if you do not repent.

"I've heard you laugh at marriage, and say you would never give up your liberty for any man. You have become a greater slave to your passions than any honest wife and mother could ever become. God ordained marriage, and it is the only relationship between the sexes that can bring happiness to men and women. You would never be treated by a husband as you have been treated by Jack and Steel, and as any other man would finally treat you if he were not the father of your children.

"I have heard you despise children. When you are an old woman, and have lost the beauty of youth, and are alone in the world without a home, then your heart will cry out for some son or daughter to caress, or to be at your bedside in sickness. God said, 'Be fruitful and multiply.' And what is the alternative? You have felt it at the hands of Pureheart, and you will find it more in life-long hysteria and melancholia.

"I have heard you say that a woman that is earning a competent salary should not throw it up for a man, who may not be able to keep her in the luxury that her earnings permitted. And then you have said that if you have to work after you are married to retain the same income, it is better not to be married. Your stupid Government is responsible for these immoral fallacies. When your teacher marries, your foolish legislators compel her to leave her work, a work which only a wife and mother is able efficiently to perform. Read the Bible, and see what God says about married women working. See what is said about 'the virtuous woman whose price is far above rubies'."

I was beginning to forget that I was speaking to a mere child.

"Your law-makers say that a married woman's interests lie in her home. That

is an ennobling influence and one that will react beneficially on her scholars. As a mother wishes her own daughter to be, so she will train the daughters of others. Have your legislators ever stopped to study the psychology of the unmarried teacher, to find out where her interests lie? More in trying to make herself attractive to some man, in arranging dates and dresses, than in fitting girls for domestic experiences of which she is totally ignorant. As the pedagogue, so the pupil!"

I stopped abruptly, feeling that I was rising above her intelligence.

She had watched me with ever widening eyes and growing anger.

"So, that's why you came with me, to preach me a sermon. I should have known that a man old enough to be my father would have sense for nothing else. And what's my affairs got to do with you, you old idiot! Mind your own business! I'll do as I like, and please myself, without asking advice, or giving account to such as you. I expect you thought you could say what you liked to me, because I said I loved you. Love you, a thing like you? You make me sick to look at you."

She turned her back in my face.

I drew the wire from my pocket, and, stepping to one side, brought it down upon

her shoulders with the force of a cat-o'-nine-tails.

A piercing shriek filled the cell, and she dropped to her hands and knees. Her whole body shook with sobbing and moaning, the blood soaked through her waist, and trickled down her nape on to the floor, bringing to my mind the incongruous visions of sanguisages and sacrifices I had witnessed in the Orient.

I turned away, and wiped the tears from my eyes, while I prayed to God to forgive me if I had done wrong.

Suddenly I felt her arms around my legs, and looking down, beheld her blood and tear-stained face turned to mine in remorse and supplication.

"Don't strike me again, for God's sake! I'll never come here again, I'll save my little sister, I'll study and work, and I'll pray, O God! I'll pray, as he tells me, only forgive me for what I've said and done, and I'll never sin again. You won't strike me again, will you? I'll do all you tell me. I'm different now. I won't be wicked again—

"If you'd only love me, or let me love you, I'd be able to do some good in the world. For you I could be a wife and a mother. Thank God, you struck me! I'm different now. I told you a lie when I said

I did not love you. I never loved anybody till you carried me down the stairs in your arms. No man is like you, I want to be good, and useful, for you. And if you strike me again, I know you will do it only for my good. Thank God, you struck me! Thank God, you've made me different!"

Then, somehow, the light was turned off.

"Oh! There's the angel again standing near you. And there's another. No, it's a devil. See he's coming for me. High! High! Hold me tight! Don't let him take me. Tell him I'm different, I won't sin again. I've changed, and I'll pray. God have mercy on me. Don't let him take me."

The light returned, as "that orbed continent, the fire that severs day from night," the Cyprian gloom dispersed, and was no more.

I bent down, and raised this regenerated penitent from the ground.

I had not done wrong.

IV.

OPIUM OPHIDIA.

We now revert to the Saturday night with which I opened the preceding chapter.

I am at my first periscope. Ching Wo Po is seated beneath me on his haunches with his legs crossed under him like a Buddhist idol. He is engaged in preparing opium pipes. Every now and then a staggering, blear-eyed Oriental thrusts his head into the room like a spectre, and vanishes. Ching Wo Po continues to prepare the poppy plague, unmindful of these intrusions, his imagination filled with a phantasmagoria of American girls that have passed in and out of his laundry during the day.

Here is another Celestial ghoul. No, he seems to be human. He enters, and in his arms he bears a white woman. Her naked arms are entwined around his bull neck, and she speaks.

"My lord, you are more handsome than all the gods. My Apollo, you are strong as a lion, and gentle as a lamb. Bear me

in your arms to paradise. There is no love like your love, my king, my conqueror!"

Fujii pays no heed to these Circean panegyrics, he understands them not, and if he does, this is the woman of the giant, the dispenser of punishment or protection. He places Calls gently on the couch, and loosens her unwilling arms.

"My lord, why do you leave me? Now is the hour of bliss. My lips are thirsting for your embraces. Return, Ajax! Return, Apollo! My arms would hold you, for you are mine and I'm yours. Return, my lord, return!"

But he has disappeared.

Ching Wo Po's fingers twirl around the pipes as deftly as they do among a lady's frills, and he sees nothing, hears nothing, except the smiles and the laughter of the American girls that carry boxes of pure white frocks out of his shop.

From the couch the praises of Apollo rise reiteratedly, but no god appears to appease these appeals.

Fujii enters again, bearing another human burden, but she is silent and hangs limply in his powerful arms. He lays her on the floor and glides away as swiftly as a serpent.

Ching Wo Po's fingers have suddenly ceased their manipulations. Was he as

oblivious to his surroundings as his Chinese passivity purported? A furtive glance at the American girl on the floor, a furacious look to the door, and he crawls towards her as silently as a cat. He has reached her side, and is poised as if about to spring. Another rapid leer over his shoulders at the entrance of the crypt, and he stretches forth one hand and gently caresses the auburn curls and white swan-like throat with his lank-clammy fingers.

There is a sudden shuffling of slippered feet, Ching Wo Po recoils as a catapult, and is again absorbed in his mirage.

A shrivelled, shrunken apparition totters into the room, and drops half across the girl on the floor.

The pipe packer moves as if to approach his compatriot, but a volley of American oaths approaching, arrests him.

Steel staggers forward, cursing as he comes. His foot strikes the prostrate Chinaman, and he looks around.

"Get out o' here, you —— pig," and he kicks the stupefied fiend clear of the girl. —Another kick elicits a howl from Ching Wo Po, before he can leap clear of the whisky-sodden brute.

"Here, you —— Chinaman, take that —— brother of yours out, and get out o' here yourself, and shut the door after you, if you don't want your dirty head split."

While the one Celestial drags the other away, Steel drops on to the couch, and is welcomed by a pæan of praise:

"My conqueror, I knew you would return. Beautiful Apollo, I have waited for your embraces for many years. Why have you kept me waiting and panting for your love? Here I am, yours, my king, my conqueror."

The door is closed behind the Chinamen, and everything is wrapt in darkness, the darkness that hides the Inferno from mortal vision.

"Who is that red-haired girl in the den?"

"She's May's chum, Mr. Eye, an' I 'as got to bring her out at 12 o'clock, so's she can get home."

"You'll bring her out at once."

"But she won't wake up before twelve, an' if I go in now, Steel'll kill me."

"Steel's drunk, and it's all dark; and if he says anything, tell him it's midnight."

"But she's asleep."

"All the better. Go!"

Righteous brought the sleeping girl to me without any mishap and placed her in my arms. She was barely sixteen, about my own height, and very slender. Her complexion, naturally waxen, now had the pallor of death.

"Bring me a coil of rope to strap her to my back."

When this operose operation was completed under my direction and to my satisfaction, I dismissed the hypnotized janitor to his post at the door of the den.

In my last ascents to the balcony roof I had made use of a ladder that projected through a skylight. I now scrambled up this as best I could, then over the roof and to the window. Both of us could not pass through at the same time, as I had anticipated, so I was compelled to loosen the ropes, crawl through myself first, and then drag the girl in.

As soon as we were safely under the roof, I tied a handkerchief across her mouth and lay down at her side to sleep. The precaution of a gag, however, proved unnecessary, as I awoke at 4 A. M., about two hours before her.

As soon as she started to move I untied her hands and woke her up. My diabolic doublet and domino caused her eyes to bulge in terror, and she would have shrieked if her mouth had not been covered.

"I'm going to let you speak, but if you scream I'll kill you. If you do as I tell you, I'll not hurt you, and you may go home again to-night."

I removed the handkerchief.

"Now tell me who you are."

She was too terrified to open her mouth, and stared at me as if hypnotized. I waited patiently for several minutes, and then addressed her again.

"I'm going to let you see May, soon. Tell me your name."

She opened her mouth to speak, but only incoherent articulations escaped her. At last she could formulate a complete sentence.

"Where am I?"

"You are in Hell and I am the Devil."

She shuddered, and drew her hands over her eyes to blot me out.

"But you need not be afraid. I shall let you return to earth again, and will bring you back only if you smoke or do anything wrong again. Now what is your name?"

"Mary," she stuttered.

"Mary who?"

"Mountjoy."

"Now, Mary Mountjoy, sit up and you will feel more comfortable. Don't speak very loud, or the inhabitants of Hell will hear you and flock around us."

She covered her ears with her hands and turned on her side in anticipatory agony. I raised her to a sitting posture

and taking hold of her hands, uncovered her ears.

"What do you know about May?"

"She's my class-mate. Is she here?"

"Yes, she's here, and you'll see her."

"She didn't come for me, and Righteous was going to wake me up, so I could go home."

"Yes, I know, and you'll soon see why May couldn't come for you. How long have you been smoking opium?"

"Six months. Please let me go home to my mother. They won't know where I am. What time is it?"

"It's six in the morning."

She uttered a faint scream, but immediately suppressed it as I raised my hand toward her mouth.

"Oh, what shall I do? I've never been out all the night before. They always woke me at twelve, so I could get home. Can't I go home?"

"You can't go home till it's night again."

She burst into tears, and between her sobs she moaned:

"What will father and mother say? They'll go to the police, and they'll think I'm dead. Can't I go back? I'm not dead, am I?"

"No, you're not dead, you're alive."

"If I promise I won't do any bad things

again, won't you let me go? What are you going to do with me? Can't I go?"

"Now, don't do so much talking. Answer my questions, and you'll be home again tonight. Who took you into the opium den? May?"

"No, it wasn't May. It's the Chinaman. He took me and another girl through the laundry. He told me May was there, and when I saw May smoking, I also tried it."

"And where's the other girl?"

"I don't know. She got lost or ran away. Her picture was in the papers, and the police said she eloped. I asked the Chinaman, and he told me that the big man with the scar on his head sent her to Mexico, because she said she wanted to go on the stage. He told me not to say anything about it."

"What was her name?"

"Mary, my name, Mary Ashland. He asked me if I wanted to go to Seattle, and I would become a dancer, but I was afraid, and the Chinaman told me not to go away from Chicago, if they asked me."

"'The Chinaman seems to be your friend."

"He never made me pay for my laundry, and he once asked me to marry him. He's got lots of money and a nice house and a machine, but I wouldn't marry a Chinaman."

"Do you know Jambon?"

"Yes, he's May's feller. He asked me many times to go up to Gulliver's with him, but I wouldn't go out with May's *feller,* and the Chinaman told me he's a bad man, and to keep away from him. I once heard him speaking to the man with the scar (I don't know his name), and they thought I was asleep. I was just waking up. The scar man told him that Mary Ashland was making lots of money, but they had to watch her carefully, as she wanted to run away. They talked as if she was like a prisoner and they beat her. I didn't understand properly, and when I asked the Chinaman, he wouldn't tell me. He only said that if he didn't want to marry me, they would have sent me to Mexico also. But I think he said that only to frighten me into marrying him."

"I think he was telling you the truth, and it is fortunate that he really wanted to marry you or your experiences would not have ended with the opium den.

"Now I am going to let you see May, but I must tie up your mouth again. It will be a terrible sight, but I must show it to you, so that you may know from what I have saved you. Satan sometimes saves sinners if they are as foolish as you are. It is only those who refuse to be rescued that are ruthlessly damned."

The relief that had begun to take possession of her suddenly evaporated as I muffled her again, and the terror which had seized her soul in her waking moments returned redoubled. Her hands rested limply in her lap, too weak and agitated to cover her eyes or close her ears again.

I then took the look described in the previous chapter, and asked this gaunt girl to bear a scene which was too repulsive even for me.

While I held her shoulders to prevent her falling, I felt the galvanic convulsions shake her body, then suddenly she lay motionless in my grasp, and her head sank to one side.

I did not attempt to revive her, but carried her to where I judged she would not be heard in case she moved, and I left her lying on her back in her unconscious condition. Then I crawled to Madame's periscope. I saw Steel in his room engaged in his morning ablutions, and heard an occasional oath escape his compressed lips.

As soon as he was dressed, he rang up someone, but I could not catch his words. My first intention was to leave the periscope and move towards my tapping wires, but I feared I might miss something more important than his message. I accordingly waited.

In a few minutes my patience was rewarded. Ching Wo Po slunk into the room in abject servility,

"Say, you dirty Chinaman, how much have you got for me?"

The Celestial laid a roll of bills on the table, and the detective proceeded to count them in most deliberate fashion. Then he stared at the Chinaman, who had never dared to raise his eyes and who now seemed to shrivel to half his stature.

Suddenly he raised his hand and flung the notes into Ching's face.

"What you mean, you dog, by bringing me only hundred dollars?"

"The copper shakee me down seventy dollar, last night."

"And supposing he did? You must have collected at least five hundred. They were shooting craps all the night."

"No, Boss, not shootee craps, last night. Help me God! Only hundred-seventy."

"None of your —— lies, you —— washtub. I want three hundred. Get out and get 'em."

"Help me God! Boss, no gotee three hundred."

"If I don't get three hundred before 10 o'clock, I'll see what we can do with that kid that you want to marry."

Ching looked up in blank terror, and then fell to his hands and knees.

"Boss not kill girl? Machine not takee home last night."

"Oh no, I won't kill her; she wouldn't be worth much dead. I'll send her down to Mexico to the other kids, and break her in."

The Chinaman lifted his hands in Sinim supplication.

"Boss no sendee girl Mexico. I bring three hundred next week. I gotee brother lend me."

"No you won't. I want it before ten. I want to buy some lots."

"I goee ring brother."

The Chinaman was about to leave when Steel stopped him.

"Here, you dirty scrubber, I've got a proposition. That kid'll never marry you. If you get me $5,000, I'll force her to marry you, and if she won't, I'll give her to you just the same, and you can spend your honeymoon downstairs in the den. What you say? Will you have $5,000 by next Saturday night when she comes round again?"

The Chinaman looked at him in doubt.

"I won't fool you. Fujii can keep the stakes, and we'll keep the kid in the den with you till she agrees to live with you and not to squeal. Then I'll take the bills."

"But if girl goee home?"

"That's up to you. You've got a nice house, and if you give her your machine and some diamonds and dresses, and take her to Frisco or New York and give her a good time, there's no reason why she shouldn't stick to you."

"Where Ching getee muchee money like Rockyfeller, buy all things and goee Frisco? And who lookee shop?"

"That's all right, you've got enough. You haven't been robbing all those opium suckers for five years for nothing, and you can leave your brother in the shop. I won't increase your rent for another year, and that'll save you a couple of hundred, and your brother can look after the den, and he'll be able to steal enough to send you."

"How muchee Boss take for smoke from brother?"

"I'll keep it down to $250 a week, and he can stick to the rest."

The Chinaman pondered this tempting bait of an American girl.

"Go and fetch that three hundred and make arrangements for the five thousand, and when you get back you can give me your answer."

Ching slipped out of the room and Steel took up the Sunday paper.

I immediately crawled back to my cap-

tive, and was now as anxious to bring her to as I had previously desired her to remain quiet in her swoon as long as possible. I had half an hour to fan and friction her and then force her to suck a few mint lozenges, the only nourishment I had available.

"I don't want you to faint again. If you do, I won't be responsible for your safety. I'm going to show you your Chinese friend and the man with the scar. They've traded you to Ching, and will force you to marry him, or something worse, next Saturday. You'll see the money pass hands, and may even hear the bargain discussed.

"Let me tie up your mouth again, so that you can't scream.

"As soon as it gets dark, I'll let you out and put you in a machine to take you home. I think you had better leave Chicago for some time. If you have any relatives in some other town, go to them. Don't you ever come back to this opium den again, or let Ching or Steel, that's the man with the scar, hear that you're in Chicago, or they'll get you, as sure as I liberate you from Hell."

She listened to me as a punished and obedient child.

"Now get on to my back and hold tight."

With this strange burden and in stranger guise, I crept back to Steel's ceiling, and deposited her gently on the boards. As soon as Ching returned, I placed her in possession of the microphone and the periscope, and she told me afterwards what passed.

The Chinaman handed a roll of bills to the detective, who counted them and then asked:

"What about the five thousand?"

"Boss makee girl marry me?"

"If you deposit the money with Fujii, Mary Mountjoy will be Mrs. Ching Wo Po next Saturday night. If she ain't, you can take your money back."

"And if girl makee row, me not go prison?"

"No, you won't go to the pen. Besides, we won't let her out till she swears she won't squeal. And she'll swear all right enough when she hears what'll happen to her if she does blab. Well, is it a bargain?"

"I getee money very good. Me marry Mary Saturday night."

"Then get out o' here quick now. Somebody's coming to see me."

We passed the day in sleep and hunger near the open catherine-wheel window, and as soon as it grew dark enough, I blind-

folded her, tied her to my back again, and carried her down to my lair of logs, where I brought her something to eat and drink. I then placed her in a motorcar, convinced that I had again successfully performed the righteous service of a guardian angel, though I had adopted for this purpose the insignia of Lucifer, son of the morning.

V.

JAMBON EUGENICISED.

The wave of self-murder steadily increases in volume. In 1915 there were 14,180 suicides in the U. S. A. Of these, 965 were caused by domestic infelicity, 536 by disappointed love.

The number of deaths by personal violence reaches the appalling figure of 9,230. Of these, 723 were caused by jealousy, 135 by infanticide, 16 by criminal outrage.

No wonder that in this country of 98 lynchings a year, the country that claims to be the most moral on earth, the urge of sex should claim such a tigerish toll. It is the deterration of hypocrisy, the concomitant of luxury.

The son of the pork potentate threads his car through the verdant boulevards in search of prey; the daughter of the poorer plebian, tantalized by the ostentatious concatenation that rolls before her eyes, becomes a willing link in this vicious circle.

Wealth beyond that of any other land, opportunity to share in it and fritter it

away in baubles either through one's own exertions or through the thriftless toadyism of the males, gynocracy defined and practised as female license, will lead to only one result.

One Sunday I was walking along these blatant boulevards to exercise my lungs and limbs, gain a more intimate acquaintance with the Garden City's topography, and satisfy my artistic craving for scenery and new sights, when I noticed Jambon glide past me in his double-six. This was no fortuitous coincidence. Stand at any point on this magnificent belt that girdles the filthiest metropolis in the world, and on a beautiful holiday you will see every man and woman that owns a vehicle pass before your eyes.

Paradoxical? No!

It will require no great stretch of imagination either to blot out the infernal rattle, nauseating stench, and impenetrable pack of the strap-hangers' trap, splashing mud or spreading dust over you, and believe yourself beyond the limits of a city, with pneumatic-tyred, incontiguous creatures sailing through sylvan groves, redolent with the flowers of spring and echoing only the chirp of birds.

All this beauty in the largest hog market in the world!

And many of the hogs in these cars!

It was dusk, and dark enough for some fatuous female to look with longing at the vacant seats in Jambon's car. This breed usually hunt in couples, not for mutual protection, but because company engenders boldness and whispers wiles. She was alone through exasperated recklessness.

He stopped his car and nodded to her. She blushed, hesitated, looked around furtively to see whether she was noticed, then sniggered.

He opened the door and beckoned her to approach.

"Come along, kid! Let's go for a joy-ride."

She shook her head in feigned modesty and refusal. Then she frowned in pretended indignation.

"Ah that deceit should steal such gentle shapes!"

"I don't mean anything," he apologized.

"So smooth, he daubed his vice with show of virtue."

"I only wanted to take you around the boulevards. If you don't want to come, I'm sorry, and I'll say, Good-by."

"I don't know you," she spoke at last, "and how can I get into a strange man's machine?"

"O! what a goodly outside falsehood hath!"

"I'll take you only where you wish to go."

She approached.

"Will you promise not to take me anywhere and let me get off when I like?"

He laughed.

"What a question! Where should I want to take you to, and how could I hold you if you didn't want to stop? Come on, kid, jump in, and I'll give you a dandy spin."

She had waited for this second invitation only, sprang lightly into the luxuriously appointed seat, and as the car moved silently off, I noticed her ensconce herself comfortably in this "strange man's" property, as if it had belonged to her all her life.

Facilis descensus Averni!

But I did not stop to meditate. I had long made up my mind to trap this magnificent biped *flagrante delicto*, and mete out to him the reward of his career, doubly justified by the burden placed upon me through the love of his latest victim.

I hurried to one of the turbid arteries of the metropolis, vaulted literally into a *juggernaut*, for the step is so abnormally high, and the indifference, or shall I call it superciliousness, of the conductor so Chicagoean, that you are flung off your feet

before you are able to place yourself safely on the car, and soon found myself in front of our Block. I posted myself on the opposite side of the thoroughfare and awaited events.

I was so absorbed in my purpose that, though usually alert, I failed to notice May come down the same pavement until she addressed me.

"Mr. High, I want to speak to you. I'm so glad I met you. I want you to let me help you and be near to you always. Won't you let me?"

I looked at this reformed girl in pity, unable to refuse her ingenuous desire.

"Whenever I can, May, I will give you an opportunity to help me. I can't promise to have you near me always. You must find some employment, or take up some hobby or study that will keep you continuously busy, then you will not feel that you would like to be in my society so much—"

"Oh, I'm sure I shall," she interrupted.

"You might take up nursing," I continued without heeding her. "It is a noble profession, and will enable you to do good to others while improving yourself."

As I urged her, I noticed Jambon drive up with his new-found companion and put on the brakes before Waginsky's, as I had anticipated.

"There's our friend, Jack, with an unplucked chicken. I have an idea that this is going to be his last attempt at snaring. May, you can help me to-night, and at the same time learn that revenge is sweet, though bear always in mind that 'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord'."

"In high vengeance there is noble scorn," she capped from George Eliot, and knowing what she had suffered, I dared not contradict.

Jambon and his quarry entered the drug-store, and a few moments later I noticed one of Speedway's chauffeurs drive the double-six into the garage.

The timid damsel was evidently reconciled to an unlimited extension of her conversation with the "strange man."

"You go into Fujii's, May, and if they are there, let me know. If they are not there, take a *chambre separée* and wait for me. I'll go into Wago's. Don't let Jack see you if you can help it, as I don't want him to notice me with you; he may become suspicious."

From a telephone booth I noticed how Jack ordered a second sundae, and how the proprietary dispenser dexterously added a few drops from a vial to the frozen *mélange,* which instead of having a cooling effect, brought a flush to the cheeks,

a sparkle to the eyes, and a wag to the tongue of the damsel.

She accordingly did not require more than a second or third invitation to pass through the door which gave access to the chop suey, and where I also joined May after I had donned a somewhat hasty disguise.

Jambon had chosen the *chambre* adjoining the one occupied by May, and as Fujii passed us, I noticed that he carried a large bottle of champagne in a pail of ice. The conversation and giggling of the girl grew so loud that I could plainly hear every word, while Jack's voice was barely audible. Finally they passed us on their way to the back entrance which not only gave egress to the vacant block, but led to the basement, as did the iron door in the lavatory.

May under my directions hurriedly paid for our repast, and we left by the front door. I told her to go up to Madame Coupler's to see whether they had gone up there, while I made the detour of the building and posted myself at the periscope.

I had not long to wait. Before May rejoined me, Jack and the girl entered the den. The glare of light dazzled her for a moment and she put up her hands. Then she glanced around, and I noticed she was

now pale and a look of terror suffused her face.

"Where have you brought me to? You said you were taking me to a cabaret. Take me out or I'll scream."

Jack laughed contentedly.

"Sit down, kid. I won't kill you. I'll let you go after you've loved me," and he attempted to take her hand.

She repulsed him, and turned her wild eyes towards the door, but the exit was barred.

"Oh, my God," now burst from her blue lips. "What have I done? Please let me go. I'm an innocent girl," and she held out her hands supplicatingly towards her captor.

He seized them in an athletic grasp and drew her towards him, while her shrieks filled my ears.

"Stay here, May, and listen to my directions!"

I sprang to my feet, and hurried into the basement, while I drew a black hood over my head. I met the janitor standing guard, and having no time to hypnotize him, stunned him with a right upper-cut. Then I took the keys from his pocket and made my way to the den.

As I flung open the door, I noticed that the girl's waist had been torn from her

shoulders, and there were several scratches on the brute's face. He wheeled around and faced me.

"Who the devil are you?" he hissed, and, dropping his prey, sprang towards me.

I was ready for him and landed a powerful punch in the pit of his stomach, but he was an expert boxer and in perfect condition, and as he doubled up managed to grapple with me. I could not spring back as I was right up against the door. We went down together, while the hysterical girl panted in utter exhaustion:

"Save me! Save me!"

He had caught me round the waist and buried his head into my chest. My hands were free, but I could not get at his throat, and his hair was too short to afford a firm grasp. I seized his ears, and tore the right one off, but he was pressing the wind out of me, although I held him under.

How the struggle would have ended I do not know. Probably I should have torn his other ear off. But at that moment I received an unexpected ally. May rushed into the vault.

"Pierce his hands," I shouted.

With the weapon that has many a time drawn blood in female duels, the hat-pin that in Germany must be sheathed under penalty, she jabbed his hands that were

exposed on my back until I felt his devilish tentacles relax. Then with a sudden effort, I jerked myself free, and crashed into his face with both my fists. Before he could recover, I had him on his face, with his arms twisted behind his back.

"Run up and fetch me that rope near the periscope," I commanded May, while I sat on Jambon's back.

When she had gone I addressed myself to the girl.

"Get up, you idiot, and straighten your dress."

I was angry.

"You don't deserve to be saved, getting into a stranger's car at night, going to a chop suey with him, getting drunk on champagne, and going to a subterranean cabaret. Get up, I tell you, you drivelling idiot."

She staggered to her feet, and with weak, trembling fingers adjusted her waist.

"You won't take me to prison, will you, Sir?" she whimpered. "I'm engaged, and if Tom and my father know this, they'll turn me out of the house, I'll lose my job, and Tom won't marry me. Please, Sir, don't take me to prison, and I won't do it again."

"Oh, so you're engaged," I sneered, but before I could vent my sarcasm, May returned with the coil.

With her assistance, I bound her whilom lover's hands and feet, and turned him on his back.

While he stared at her with his bleared eyes, I bound and gagged Righteous, and then returned to the crypt.

"So, you're engaged to Tom," I snarled. "A fine girl to be engaged to any one! Do you hear that?" I said turning to Jack. "This young lady that so lately was swilling your champagne is engaged to Tom."

I laughed.

"And what's Tom's business, and what's your business?" I demanded sternly.

She burst into tears.

"Please, Sir, I won't do it again."

"Answer my question," I repeated harshly.

"Tom's a salesman, Sir, and I'm a saleslady."

"Lady, lady!" I snapped. "Lady forsooth! And why were you not with Tom to-night?"

She hesitated.

"Answer me, or to jail with you right away!"

"Don't, Sir, I'll answer you. I was mad with him."

"What were you mad about?"

"He's got a motor-cycle, and I'm tired of riding behind him, and asked him to

hire a taxi to-day, and he said it'd cost too much, and I said if he didn't think me worth the price of a taxi, I'd get some one who did. But please, Sir, I didn't mean it."

"Oh, no, of course you didn't, Miss sales*lady!* Did you hear that, Jack? A seat behind her future husband on a motorcycle is not good enough for a sales*lady* who is earning seven dollars a week. She must have a taxi! Thirty cents a mile! That's why you gentlemen land your fry so easily. A taxi! Instead of encouraging Tom to save up for a future home, she must have a taxi, our sales*lady!* And she's only a type of your American *lady!* I expect you were going to nag Tom to-morrow by telling him you'd been round the boulevards in a beautiful car with this handsome young gentleman.

"That's right! That's the way to train your future husband! Let him understand before you're married that you intend having a good time. If he can't afford to satisfy your whims, somebody else can. And if you ruin him through your extravagance, or if he can't afford to fulfil your every desire, and even should be so bold as to refuse to live beyond his means, you can sue him for non-support or incompatibility of temper, and some idiotic Yankee jury will grant you a decree nisi."

I paused and looked into the sullen, lacklustre eyes of the man on the floor, then at the two girls I had saved from his clutches.

"And now, May, I want you to do something more for me. Before I entrust this stupid creature to your care, to see that she gets away from here safe, I want you to go up to Dr. Pureheart's. Tell him Jack wants him, and to bring his surgical instruments with him."

"Won't you let me stay and see what you do to him?" she pleaded.

"I'm sorry, May, the sight will not be fit for your eyes."

"What the devil do you mean?" shouted Jambon.

Without heeding him, I continued speaking to May:

"Rest assured that his punishment will be just, befitting his crimes, and rendering him innocuous for all time. You will be amply avenged.

"But stay a moment, I had almost forgotten. Before you go for the sanctimonious surgeon, let me run up for my revolver. The Doctor may prove obstreperous."

As I left the crypt, I passed the janitor, and noticed that he was recovering his senses. I stopped to hypnotize him, but I

did not loosen his bonds, as I expected the justice meted out this night would lead to enquiries and reprisals. Under the roof I gave a hasty look at my periscopes, and discovered Pureheart in conversation with Bloater, the banker, and with Rattler. I could not devote more than a passing glance at this interesting conference, but I determined to visit the saloon as soon as I was through with my present task.

When I returned to the subterraneous part of this mansion of machinations, I warned May to speak to the leach in private, as I did not desire any other witnesses to our court of last resort.

Soon the Doctor, bearing his satchel and rather flurried, was ushered into our midst by May, and I immediately took the initiative in regulating his conduct.

"My dear Doctor, your friend Jack has met with a rather unusual mutilation which will probably be followed by an amputation," I said rather equivocally. "You will notice that he has lost his ear, and I should like you to patch it up in your most skilful fashion. It would be a pity to allow such a handsome fellow to remain disfigured for life."

He looked at me dubiously.

"Of course, I trust we shall not be compelled to have a perforation also," I added

sharply, drawing my revolver and dangling it with the muzzle towards him.

He seized my meaning, and immediately set to work in silence to wash and bandage the prostrate prisoner. While he worked, I spoke to May in a low voice:

"Take this girl home, and you had better stay at home yourself for a few days or go out of town. If Steel gets hold of you, he'll put you through the third degree, but whatever happens, don't say a word about this evening's affair."

I raised my hood slightly and kissed her on the lips. A flush of happiness spread over her pale face which was now devoid of any makeup, and I knew that she would suffer the last torment rather than disclose anything. Then I spoke aloud, so that the Doctor and Jambon might hear me:

"Take this girl home. If I had not caught sight of her entering this accursed den, God knows what would have happened to her. If I did not wish to keep her name unsullied, I should deliver this whole damnable gang into the hands of the police. But I wish to save her father and mother the shame of having a daughter who could accept this hound's overtures. If anything happens to you, however, I shall not hesitate a moment, but expose the whole ring. If you had not told me what he had done

to you and what he would probably do to this girl, when I asked you who they were, she would probably have shared your fate. You did right to tell me, and I am thankful that I was near to enable you to have him punished. God bless you, and now, Good-night!"

I gave vent to these falsehoods aloud in the hope that they would protect May and put the sleuth off the scent. The girl, however, might have spoilt my scheme for she wished to say something and tried to fall at my feet, but May, seizing the drift of my intentions, dragged her away, and that was the last I saw of her.

As soon as they were gone, I spoke again to the Doctor:

"My dear Doctor, I note you have made a good job of it. You are a skilful surgeon, and I have heard that you are also a philanthropist and a writer in the daily Press. No doubt you have read Othello and remember the line:

"'To beguile many and be beguiled by one.'

"That is exactly your position at the present time.

"You stand in the presence of an implacable judge, and you are to be the executioner of his behests.

"I am to-night also to play the role of

Shylock and demand literally a pound of flesh, but there will be this difference: my demand will be complied with, thanks to your panurgy and obedience to the dictates of justice.

"You are well acquainted with all the tenets of eugenics, and are no doubt able to apply them. If you were writing for the daily Press, you would surely argue that we have here a fitting object for their application, but between ourselves you must admit that, if our friend were ever arraigned before the most eugenic tribunal in the United States, your code would never condemn him to suffer the eugenic ordeal, though he is more potent to propagate his criminal instincts than the thief, drunkard, or murderer. His sole profession is the instilling of his vile passions into posterity, therefore he, more than all others, is the fit mark for the eugenic code.

"You see, my dear Doctor, that in my role of public prosecutor, I am determined to satisfy your every qualm of conscience, and allow you to justify your act on the principle of undefiled justice.

"And now," I said, turning to Jambon, "is there any reason why this sentence should not be passed upon you? You understand the nature of the verdict, and

the court is prepared to listen to your defence."

"Curse you, and damn you, whoever you are," he said between his teeth. Then he turned to the Doctor:

"Don't do it, Pureheart. I'll give you all you ask. I'll give you a hundred thousand dollars. If you only cut these cursed ropes and let me get at the devil! Hundred thousand!"

"The bait is very tempting," I remarked, addressing the Doctor, "but I hardly think you will allow yourself to be bribed, even by a million dollars. I will tell you why.

"You have applied your science to making Nature barren, its fruit an abortion," I said pointedly.

"You see, I know something of your practice, and if that argument is not sufficient, I have one that cannot be gainsaid."

I raised the revolver and pointed it directly between his eyes. He cowered.

"Besides," I added, "you will be doing your friend a service. If you refuse, I shall execute the sentence myself, but as I have not the skill that you have, my worthy Doctor, it is very probable the culprit will succumb.

"You will see the time has arrived for you to make your practice co-educational, and apply your methods to the sterner sex.

"The aim of your reformers is to make degenerates innocuous to posterity. You shall do more, and make this beast impotent towards his contemporaries and towards himself, a monstrosity in his own eyes.

"Please take hold of his shoulders, and I'll take hold of his legs with one hand, so that my other hand may be free to perform the necessary perforation, if required. Now lift him on to the bed, and tie him down, so that his movements may not interfere with the operation."

Jambon shouted and cursed, reiterated his offer in ever increasing glamour, struggled, and supplicated, but the fear of imminent death was greater than the lure of proximate pelf.

"I hope I am explicit enough. If I am not, I shall direct you more minutely. Take your knife and sponge. I am unable to help you, as I have my revolver to hold."

Then the Doctor spoke for the first and last time that evening.

"He may bleed to death, and I'll be accused of murder. Shall I administer an anæsthetic?"

"No, use a local astringent. He's too young and strong to die, and you're not fool enough to kill him. Begin!"

In a few minutes the sentence had been executed.

"My dear Doctor, allow me to congratulate you on your professional dexterity. I shall now leave you here to take care of the patient. You won't mind my locking you in. A few hours' rest will do you a world of good after your strenuous exertion. I am leaving for New York immediately, and if they have not found you by morning, I shall have taken the precaution to send a wire to the drug-store upstairs apprising them of your devotion to the patient."

The Doctor looked concerned.

"I won't leave you and your friend here to die. There's lots of water, and a cooking-range I see, and some bottles of beer, and biscuits. That'll suffice for a few hours.

"I trust I shall not be recalled from New York.

"Good-night!"

VI.

PETROMORTIS.

I did not go to New York, but simply went upstairs, doffed my disguise, and entered Rattler's saloon.

I may safely affirm that I have not been in a saloon more than half a dozen times in my life. If a visitor from some other planet were constrained to compile a classification of the beasts of the earth, I have no doubt that if he were shown a saloon, man would be placed at the bottom of his categories.

"O that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains!"

The foul stench, lewd oaths, and distorted visages nauseated me; and I began to doubt the truth of a friend's epigram:

"It is not the weakness of the toper, but the strength of the trust, that we have to fight."

But I tried to suggest this away from me by concentrating my mind on my purpose.

Before ordering a mineral water, I

looked around, ostensibly in search of some one, and fortunately espied Yvette. Madame Coupler had introduced us, but I had never yet had an opportunity to broach my idea of sending her into the country as my friend's lady's maid.

She was typically French; pale, regular features; large, dark eyes; black hair, brilliantined and dressed close to her head, instead of dry and fluffy in the predominant style; of medium height; restless, rounded figure that showed to advantage in her tight fitting costume; chic and vivacious. Yet, with the unmistakable marks of the *demi-mondaine,* there were lines of suffering and spirituality around her eyes and mouth.

I addressed her in her native tongue, and was immediately admitted into her good graces. When I made my proposition to her, her expressive eyes filled with tears, and she caught my hand and kissed it.

"You don't know, Monsieur, how much I should like to escape from this life. I had heard so much about American men, their chivalry, and the way they treated women, that I thought I should find some sentiment among them, and give at least one of them my love. But they are all brutes, pigs, selfish voluptuaries, without

the semblance of chivalry towards us women. It is all hypocrisy; their affection even to their wives is mere calculation; and I know it, if any one does. He gives her wealth, because he wants her to make a show, not out of unselfish love. She imagines that she is master, but she is wrong, stupidly wrong. She can do what she likes, because the American husband doesn't care what she does. A Frenchman really loves his wife, and because he loves her, he cares what she does, and is interested in giving her advice; and because we Frenchwomen appreciate this love, we feel that our husband's love is proved by this show of executive control. This does not mean that we are slaves. Far from it. More French than American wives share in their husbands' business affairs, and any psychologist will tell you that this would be impossible if there were not true chivalry.

"Then compare the respect we show our parents, the affection between members of the same family, with the insolence of American children towards their fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters.

"They judge us by the immorality that prevails in Paris among certain classes, mostly foreigners. But you have lived in France, and know that the French are as

virtuous as any other race. What immorality exists is human. Compare it with the brutal bestiality of American cities. I know it, *mon Dieu!* In quantity and kind, the Americans have us beat, as they say here; and it is not necessary to meet an American in Paris to know what he, or for the matter of that, what she, is capable of.

"*Oui, Monsieur*, I shall thank God to get out of it, and earn a respectable living, and shall always be grateful to you for helping me."

"I see you are a philosopher, and I can endorse all you say. But the American men are only what the women have made them.

"I have noticed that parvenus, from Rabbis to Oriental rug dealers, have nothing but unstinted eulogy for the American women. American women made them, and lined their pockets. The appreciation of anything by an American woman is, therefore, its condemnation, for they are superficial, without judgment, mere tinsel, and fitting wives for the husbands you have so aptly described.

"The men who praise American wives are not their husbands.

"When a wife has interests distinct from those of her husband, they must naturally drift apart.

"One hundred and twenty-five thousand divorces in one year—that is the record of the American women's efficiency as wives. They look upon marriage as the men look upon the State—as an object of graft. The husband is manipulated as a slot-machine to supply dresses, limousines, opera boxes, and trips to the Old World; and nothing is even reciprocated, not even the atmosphere of a home.

"They want to 'express themselves,' and they exude nothing but egregious effluvium!

"The men have indolently entrusted to them the national culture, and what have they made of it? Take American literature! A well-known detractor of the American female has put it tersely as follows:

"'I can only see that it is the echo and the mirror of the 'active and interested' New York woman. An eclecticism which stumbles over its own feet, a faddism which believes every week in another panacea, a sensationalism of the lowest type, and a conventionalism of the highest type—that is American literature, made by women!'

"Of education she has made a mere means of mercenary and meretricious coxcombery.

"She 'disdains the shadow which she treads on at noon.'

"Her unrestrained striving to have her doings and her picture blazoned to the rest of the world through her putrid Press and at her soidisant social functions, have banished discipline and self-control from the vocabulary of the American pupil.

"The murder rate of this country is 124 per million men, as against 12 in Switzerland, and 15 to 20 in the rest of Europe. What is the cause of this but lack of discipline and self-control? This may sound farfetched, but I say it on the authority of Maj.-Gen. Leonard Wood.

"But this is not the place to enter into a discussion of this nature. Please tell me who those two men are?" I remarked innocently.

"They are types of American men. The podgy one is Bloater, the banker; the big, fat, red tun is Rattler, the publican. They just stood me a drink in honor of their latest trade. A maquereau is going to bring Bloater a girl from New York tomorrow night, but he's afraid to pay the money direct, so Rattler's the fixer. He gets $500. One hundred stick to his fingers, two hundred go to Steel for protection or as his share of this stew, and the balance goes to the entremetteur. But of course

Bloater doesn't know this; he thinks the whole five hundred are paid over.

"I feel sorry for the girl. They usually spy her when she lands, or even have agents that travel back and forth, follow her to a rooming-house, recommend her to an employment agency, where they go and engage her for a position that does not exist in some other city. Some woman then brings the unsuspicious victim to a Madame Coupler's, and there she is broken in and broken to bits till she is unable to reconstitute herself, and fight. That's how they caught me. We either die or are killed, or our bodies and minds are so perverted that we have not the organism or will to revert to normality.

"I've tried, *mon Dieu*, more than once, but they always brought me back. When I told my story, the judge laughed at me, the tecs said I was a liar. I tried to poison myself, but the tecs saved my life; they said they could not afford to lose 50 percent of my takings. Even the street car men that rob their companies of more than they earn and that are in the pay of pickpockets for allowing them to hunt for prospects on crowded cars, testified that I had solicited on the cars, though I swear that I never solicited in my life. Steel shares with a lot of them, and he put them

up to this, because I had to take the car regularly.

"I have prayed every night that God might kill me or let me starve to death, but I can't die. Sometimes I have wished to kill some one that I might be hanged, or steal something that I might go to prison, but I can't commit any other sins besides the one I was forced to, and am not allowed to quit. Steel always tells me that he can't afford to let me die or go to the pen."

"You are not going to die yet, Yvette, and if you have the courage, we'll save this girl you speak of and get even with your tormentors."

"You don't know the men who own this block. They are like Cæsar's wife, above suspicion."

"Never fear, we shall not invoke the assistance of the law, we shall take the law into our own hands. If they bring her to Coupler's, let me know."

"I don't think they'll take her upstairs for a few weeks, they'll hide her in the basement where we can't get at her."

"I'll get at her, and all you have to do is to go up to Coupler's and tell her that some fellow is going to take you on a trip to-morrow night. Get your things ready, and when I have the girl, I'll hand her

over to you, and you can take her with you to my friend's. Ring me up to-morrow night at ten o'clock, but don't use a phone in this block; all the wires are tapped, and don't mention any names; they've several girls at Central. Now, don't forget, take all your valuables, but leave something, so that they may think you're coming back. *Bonne nuit, et Dieu te garde!*"

The following night I waited impatiently to hear the phone bell. At last it came:

"Hello!"

"Oui?"

"She's not here, and there's been a big row."

"I dare say. Come along quick."

When Yvette arrived, I introduced her to the Russian girl I had rescued an hour previously, and whom I had already disguised in a suit of my own. I had simply put the janitor to sleep, and taken her out of the crypt.

"Now tell me about the big row."

"Steel is there. It seems he was out of town and Pureheart was trying to get in touch with him all the day. He got there at nine o'clock and while he was with the doctor, Bloater rushed in and started to shout, then Rattler came, and Steel sent for Righteous and Speedway. After half

killing Righteous, Speedway took him away in a machine. Now they've got detectives all round the block, and I was afraid to take my grips, and came along just as I am. *Mon Dieu, mon Dieu!* I'm scared to death."

"You must leave Chicago at once with this girl, but you can't go to the depot, as they'll be watching them all. One of them has probably followed you here. Go down the back stairs and along the alley till you reach the street car; take that as far as the L, and ride till you strike the Milwaukee Electric. Take the train at Milwaukee. Here's $100, and get into this rain-coat, and put this veil over your face. Come along!"

I continued my instructions as I led them to the street car and saw them safely on it, then I made my way to the front of the flat where I had been given the hospitality of a friend's room for the evening only.

The fight had begun. The flat was being watched. In about fifteen minutes two other detectives, who had probably been summoned by phone, dashed up in a machine, and after a hurried conference, one left with the car, and the other worked his way to the rear of the flat. I had no fear that either of them would gain much in-

formation, as my friend had been warned, no one had seen us come or go, and I had means of communicating with my friend without having to see him for months.

Reassured in this direction, I took the street car back to the Block. I was not concerned about May, as she was on her way to Boston to stay with an aunt, and intended entering a nursing school there.

I walked boldly into the chop suey without giving a glance around, as I knew any curiosity on my part would be instantly detected. Calls was sitting alone at a table suffering from nostalgia.

"Have you seen May?" I inquired.

"No, I haven't seen her, and I wanted to. I haven't seen anybody. I've been looking for Yvette too, and Jack. When I went up to Madame's, she wouldn't let me in, she said she wasn't running a lying-in hospital. I think I'd better jump into the lake, and have done with it."

"Why, what about Steel?"

"Told me to go to the devil. I'd like to take him with me. After giving him all I have, he has me turned out of Coupler's. The only return for my love was advice to see Pureheart, and the dirty doctor sent me to Innocent's, because he knows that I can't pay and Steel won't. If I don't see Innocent on Thursday night, it's the Lake for me."

"I shouldn't commit suicide or see Innocent, if I were you."

"Oh, I expect you want me to hold a baby on one arm, and operate the switchboard with the other?"

"Perhaps some friends would help you to find another position? I know some people who would be only too glad to assist you, and then he ought to be made to marry you."

She laughed.

"Be *made* to marry me! Why, it's too stupid to even mention. Steel be *made* to marry me! He'd find a hundred witnesses to swear that he's a monk, a celibate, an ascetic, a virgin, or whatever you call it, and that I'm just the opposite. Thank you just the same. I don't want to carry my shame around in my arms, or take charity from women who consider me an inferior animal, because they can force the men they love to marry them, and I can't. I wouldn't be in this condition now, if I hadn't believed that Steel would marry me. No! No fatherless children for me! No husbandless motherhood for Calls! Innocent or the Lake!"

"I'm sorry for you, Calls, and will see you again before Thursday night."

"You needn't see me to try and change my mind," she interrupted; "it's settled."

While this conversation was in progress, I had been looking around the chop suey to see if I could discover any of Steel's men. I did not notice any one that looked like a detective, but of course there might have been one in one of the *chambres*. Fujii usually kept as far as possible from me whenever I honored his place with my presence, and I failed to discover him.

In the affairs of my life, I have often been compelled to run great risks, and experience has taught me that the greater it be, the more likelihood is there of it's proving a success. I was now forced to take one of these customary chances. I was convinced that the basement and all the first floor was scrupulously guarded, and that any investigation in that direction would be immediately detected. The second floor had hitherto been immune against my reformatory depredations, and as the dictator of the delators was probably engaged there in devious devices, his myrmidons would no doubt consider him well able to take care of himself, and leave the second floor without surveillance. I have already described four doors of the chop suey; there was a fifth that led to the central hall where the stairways of the basement and the second floor were situated. If these stairways were watched, my plan

would of course fail, but I argued that a man would be placed at each of the outside doors, and perhaps below in the basement, if Steel trusted them, and that I could hurry upstairs from the chop suey without being noticed. If I was noticed, I would simply walk out of the building; if caught on the second floor, I should walk into the clairvoyant's.

Fortune favored me, and I reached the back balcony without mishap. Now the perilous part of my peregrination began. If caught scaling to the roof, I knew no questions would be asked, and it would mean two drops of fourteen feet each, and the rapidity and certainty of my magazine revolver, to save my life.

Ah well! Death has no terrors for me. I have been a spiritualist all my life, and know what to expect.

Breathing a silent prayer, I ran up the ladder and stretched myself flat on the roof ready to spring as a cat at a bird. Not hearing anything to arrest my progress, I crept along the parapet as usual and was soon above Madame Coupler's number eight.

There they were in violent altercation, Steel, Bloater, Rattler, and Pureheart!

"I don't care a ——," shouted Bloater. "If the same fellow that did for Jack

swiped my piece, and you won't fork out the five hundred, I want that hundred thousand loan back. The game's up in this block, and I don't want to run any risks. It's ready to foreclose, anyway, and if I don't get the money back to-morrow, I'm going to sell this building."

"Now don't be a darned fool," growled Steel. "You know I can't raise that much to-morrow; besides, I don't believe the guy that's operating against us wants to bring it to a show-down, or he'd go about it differently. Then you agreed to renew the mortgage for another five years."

"I won't renew it for five days," snapped the podgey banker. "I'll have all the papers here to-morrow night, and surrender them on payment of $100,000; if it's not paid, I'll foreclose the next day, and that's all there's to it."

With this parting ultimatum, the banker wheeled out of the room, and left the trio to discuss ways and means.

While they were still pondering their dilemma, Speedway returned.

"He's safe now, and there's no fear of his squealing. I told Bill to crack him on the nut if he tried to take a vacation. What you all looking so glum about?"

Rattler imparted Bloater's threat. The garageur took on the dejected mien of the

others, but not for long. Suddenly he broke out:

"I'll fix him! What'll you give me to settle his hash, Steel, and get all the papers from him?"

"How'll you do it?"

He lowered his voice and propounded his scheme, but I could not catch a single word.

Finally Steel raised his voice and said:

"If I get that mortgage back without having to pay a cent, and nothing happens to this block, I'll give you twenty thousand bucks."

"It's a bargain, give us your hand on it, and you two are witnesses. But, wait a bit," he continued warily; "suppose you turn on me some day, I won't be able to say a word. Give it us in writing, so I'll have proof you knew what the game was, and that'll make you an accomplice or accessory, as the cops say."

The stake was big, and the detective could not afford to demur. Speedway wrote the paper, Steel signed it, and the other two were compelled to witness it, though the Doctor made strenuous objections to affixing his signature.

After some further talk concerning Jack, May, Righteous, the vanishing of their latest victim, which the banker had discovered as soon as he entered the cell at

9 o'clock, and Steel's remark that he wished he could get rid of Calls as easily as of Bloater when she visited Innocent on Thursday night, the powwow prorogued.

As I did not wish to risk my neck or unbored body twice in one night, I stayed where I was, sleeping the whole night and the better part of the following day. As soon as it grew dark enough, and under cover of a heavy thunder-storm that was raging over the city, I slid down the way I had come, and slunk into the garage. A number of passers-by were taking shelter from the rain, so my advent did not cause any comment, and I wandered about, casually looking at the machines.

The rear part of the garage, on either side of the back entrance, contained two smaller rooms. One of these was locked, and I surmised that it contained stores; the door of the other stood wide open, and I noticed that it could be used as a garage. Near this latter stood a heavy touring machine which had a large receptacle for baggage at the back. As no one was near, I raised the lid, and crawled in. There was ample room for my small proportions, and I immediately set to work and bored several holes for air and observation.

As the rain abated, the garage was vacated, until it seemed to me that I re-

mained alone, but evidently I was mistaken.

At eleven o'clock a machine drove into the garage and I heard the doors close, then Speedway's voice:

"Bring her up here, Bloater, and we'll take some of the mud off."

I saw the car go into the room I have described, the dim lights were extinguished, and Speedway slammed the door. The lights in the central garage went out. I could now see nothing and heard only the violent throb of the machine. Then I caught the shout of the banker and his blows on the door. In five minutes they ceased, and only the throb of the motor reached my ears.

It must have been half an hour later that I heard the door open and saw the light in the smaller garage turned on again. Then there was another interval of about a quarter of an hour, I saw the garageur enter step by step, and I immediately sprang out of my lair, before he had time to test the air and stop the whirr of the engine.

While he bent over the prostrate figure of the banker and extracted the papers from his pockets, I crept forward on my rubber shoes, but he must have heard me, for he raised his head and turned towards

me. I sprang at him and stunned him with a piece of rubber tyre. Then I took all the papers I could find on both of them, and stopped to view the dead banker.

Petromortis is the death that wears the livery of life. It kills with a touch as light as thistle down, and leaves the dead with the flush of counterfeit life upon brow and cheek.

Due to the non-oxydation of some of the elements of gasoline, the lethal fumes or splitting products of benzine escape from the exhaust of every running automobile. In the open air, where a motorist inhales but a whiff or two, it is not dangerous. In a closed garage it kills almost instantaneously.

The banker, liable to vertigo, had no chance for his life. He was almost immediately overcome and asphyxiated, and died of cerebral hemorrhage or brain and lung congestion. Yet his face was as pink as if he were alive and had had the blood whipped into his cheeks by a walk in the cold wind.

De mortuis nil nisi bonum!

Yet I begrudged him this painless and beautiful death.

And here lay another that was to escape "Hell's grim Tyrant."

In a country where justice is subservient

to politics, it is necessary for the righteous citizen to take the law into his own hands until such time as the whole legal executive, from the policeman to the judge, are appointed and retained independently of any party.

If I denounced him, he might escape; certainly his confederates would not be made to face the King of Terrors. His guilt was autoptic, and until such time as the State furnished the means of reformatory punishment, I was compelled to adopt the crude social defence of capital punishment.

I turned on the motor, closed the door behind me, but did not lock it, and left them "in the dark union of insensate dust."

As soon as I reached home, I sank to my knees and asked the Author of all Being to forgive me if I had done wrong in supererogating to myself the horrible duties of the executioner, and to save me from turning a deaf ear to the "unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved."

After an hour's meditation, I dared to examine the papers I had brought with me. One of them especially arrested my attention, and if I were interested in weaving a plot and leading the reader up to a sensational dénouement instead of telling the unvarnished truth, I should withhold the

contents until the dramatic moment arrived. But as I was determined to enlist no exterior aid in my war upon vice and crime, and as such damning evidence could serve no other purpose but to satisfy my own conscience, I here admit the reader into my confidence.

The document read as follows:

> In consideration of ——— Speedway putting ——— Bloater out of the way for all time before he can foreclose the mortgage on my building at ———, and if the said Speedway procure for me without any payment to the said Bloater all the papers pertaining to the said mortgage, I hereby agree to pay to the said Speedway $20,000 six months from date.
>
> ——— Steel.
>
> As witness:
>
> ——— Pureheart,
> ——— Rattler.

Such was the euphemistic phraseology of murder and blood-money.

As to the mortgage, I pondered long whether I should mail it to the officials of the Bloater Bank and allow them to foreclose, but I finally decided that such a course would not aid in my projected general clean-up of the gang.

The following morning I read with no distinterested attention the startling headlines and sensational articles of the *accidental* double-death by petromortis.

VII.

CALLS' CRADLE.

It was the first of the month, and as I walked past the Block, I noticed a "To Let" sign in the laundry and an unusual commotion in the chop suey. Enquiries elicited the information that Fujii had sold out and Ching Wo Po had removed his plant several blocks. Evidently their Oriental instinct had warned them that the sword of Damocles was suspended over their heads.

I entered the chop suey and, taking advantage of the disorder and preoccupation of the new proprietor, made a wax impression of the lock of the steel door in the lavatory. With this I hurried to an expert locksmith, and in an hour was supplied with two skeleton keys which the craftsman confidently wagered would not both fail to turn the lock for which they were designed.

Furnished with these *passe-partout*, I returned, and immediately descended to the lavatory again. There were several guests there at the time, so I made believe

that I was washing my hands till they left me alone. Then I approached the door and with much trepidation inserted a key. I did not fear interruption from the direction of the chop suey, though that might prove more than unpleasant, but I did not know what I might encounter beyond, and as soon as I got through, I should be compelled to lock the door behind me. It was a rash reconnaissance, but I repeated to myself the lines: "Have I not in my time heard lions roar? I dare do all that may become a man," and I turned the key. It grated slightly, but the spring snapped, and I pushed open and closed as rapidly behind me the door. With bated breath I stood on the *qui vive* and peered into the darkness. No "gorgons and hydras and chimeras dire," met my sight. Neither did I catch any sound. Truly "there is always safety in valor," as Emerson says.

When my eyes grew accustomed to the obscurity, I moved stealthily forward in all directions, but did not encounter a living soul. At last I entered the boiler room. The furnace glowed and crackled cheerfully in striking contrast to the surrounding silence and gloom. Who had taken the place of Righteous? That was the motive of my quest.

Near the entrance to the boiler room

were stacked up heaps of packing-cases and other junk, which, as occasion required, was broken up to start the furnace. Selecting a good-sized case, I huddled into it and awaited the advent of the new janitor. I sat thus patiently for at least two hours before I heard the welcome sound of approaching footsteps. To my great joy I discovered that Rattler served the furnace, and that apparently a new janitor had not yet been assigned.

As soon as he was gone, I tumbled out of my compressed position and stretched my limbs aching with pins and needles. Then I made my way back to the chop suey. I was compelled to depart the same way I had come, for every other entrance would surely be guarded. The new host had probably not been warned, or he would not have bought the good-will that a compatriot had sold cheap. If I met a guest on the other side, while opening the door, he would not unnaturally consider that I was within my rights. If I encountered one of the old waiters, trouble might ensue; but I counted on being able to make my escape before he could warn the detectives, if so disposed, for he would hardly attempt to stop an armed man or give the alarm in such wise as to frighten away the new proprietor.

It was therefore with less misgivings that I turned the key the second time, and re-entered the lavatory. Again there were several guests around, but none of them paid any special attention to me, except to look at the long white beard with which I had disguised myself. In the chop suey were gathered a number of *habitués* to do honor to the new management, but I did not stop to make any observations.

As soon as I got outside, I felt that I was being shadowed. There is some infallible instinct that warns every high-strung creature of the proximity of mortal danger. It is something intangible, like the contagion of gaping, yet it is as real. I knew that death threatened me, as surely as my ancestors had always had presentiments of their impending deaths.

I must not look around or hasten my steps, for that would tell him that he had been discovered. Had my appearance or my movements awakened suspicion, or, worse still, had some who saw me open the lavatory door given him warning? He himself evidently had not seen me in the lavatory or chop suey, or I should not have been allowed to step outside. I was sure only of one thing. No attempt would be made to arrest me. The fight was between me and the gang, not between the law and me.

It was about 9 P. M. and raining. I could have entered some crowded place and perhaps shaken him off, but he knew too much of my gait and build to be allowed to return unscathed to the Block. If he were determined to hunt me to the death, I also had resolved that he should not go back to the Block alive.

We were approaching the Lake. Hardly a light or a pedestrian was now to be seen. The last building, some darkened storehouse, was apparently at my side. If I darted round the corner and waited for him, I should be at his mercy; for, if he were anything of a blood-hound, he would not come right on, but either go around the building in the opposite direction and wait for me to come round a corner and pick me off before I could take aim, or, more likely, he would go off at a tangent to the opposite side of the street and crawl along unseen till he caught sight of my outline against the wall and then fire. Then I did not wish to use my weapon except in self-defence.

In South Africa I have been hunted by black and white, and have hunted them, and was therefore equal to my tracker unless he were a crack shot in the dark. I determined to walk straight on, across an open prairie, and take the risk of a bullet.

I had about reached the other side, when I felt a sudden afflux of heat all over my body, and knew I had been struck. I did not hear the report, as the shock had set up a ringing in my ears that prevented all exterior sound from reaching my brain. I was not unprepared, and dropped immediately, though I could have retained my equilibrium. I felt no pain, and, as I have been wounded several times, I judged that I had received a flesh-wound under my left armpit, and could feel the blood saturating my clothes. I pressed my left arm tight against my body to stop the bleeding as much as possible, and waited for the approach of my assailant.

I did not expect him to rush up to me. He would no doubt wait to see if any one approached or if I made any outcry or movement. Finally I noticed his crouching outline slowly stealing towards me. I was in no hurry. The nearer he approached, the more confident would he become, and the surer would my aim be.

He was almost bending over me when I pulled the trigger. With a piercing cry he sprang into the air. Then he dropped in his tracks at my side, so close to me that I could hear the rattle in his throat and see the spasms of his body and limbs. I had aimed at his heart, and I judged that my

bullet had found its billet, or I would have fired again.

When I felt sure that he was dead, I grasped the ring of my revolver between my teeth and sat up, unbuttoned my coat and vest, slipped my belt up to where I thought I was wounded, and drew it tight.

Then I rose to my feet and tried to ascertain whether I was still bleeding, and if I had lost much blood. I did not feel weak, and only noticed the blood dripping down my side and leg, but not running from the wound.

I now turned my electric pocket lamp into the face of the dead man. I did not know him, and he had nothing to identify him except his secret service star.

We were only about a block away from the Lake, so I dragged his body into the water, hoping that it would be floated away from this spot and that the rain would further wash away every other evidence of my presence. As soon as I had consigned him into his watery grave, I washed the blood from my clothes and person, and took the first taxi I encountered to a surgeon friend.

As I had anticipated, the wound was not serious, though my friend held up his hands in horror when I told him that I must go out again as soon as the wound was dressed.

"I can't allow you to move. You must sleep here. If your broad military belt had not fortunately just covered the wound, you would be so weak now from loss of blood that you would not be able to move, if you wished to."

"That's all right. I've moved about and ridden hundreds of miles with worse than this. It's not bleeding and it doesn't hurt. Tie it up tight, and I'll come around to-morrow and let you have a look at it again. But if you want to spare me any exertion, I'll let you do something for me before I leave."

"I know it's no use arguing with you. You're too pig-headed to listen to reason, and one day I'll read in the papers that they've found you hanged, or shot, or garroted, or stabbed, or some such pleasant end."

"Always better than allowing a doctor a month to kill you."

"Shut up and tell us what you want."

"Go out and buy me a pair of over-alls, a flannel shirt, a slouch cap, and bring up a bucket of coal-dust from the cellar, and a safety-razor from wherever you can get it."

He looked at me in doubt, as if he could not believe that I meant it seriously.

"If you won't, I will, and that might hurt the wound."

"Well, of all the ———," he ejaculated, but I did not catch the closing words, for he was out of the door.

He soon returned with the stage fixtures.

"I have determined to make a clean sweep—"

"I thought a dirty sweep, judging from the coal-dust," he interrupted savagely.

"I want you to give me a clean shave, mustaches and Vandyke."

"I'm yer barber. Shave yer head, Sir, and yer eyebrows? Singe yer lashes, or pull 'em out with the tweezers? As ye like, Mister."

I allowed him to yap on so long as he did the work.

"Shampoo, Sir?"

"Thanks, no! Take off my boots and socks, in fact all my clothes, and, when I'm gone, pitch them into the furnace."

"Don't ye want to go with 'em, Mister? The furnace's plenty big enough."

"And bring me a pair of old boots and pants of your own. They're miles too big, but that can't be helped."

"Want me pocket-book too, Sir?"

"Now roll all this stuff in the coal-dust."

"You too, Mister?"

"This time I'll give you the satisfaction you desire. Cover my face and hands with the dust too."

He evidently enjoyed this part of the performance.

"And now dress me."

"Your valet, Sir, at your service! Be your tailor, too. Cut off the ends of your unmentionables, or turn 'em up and press 'em, Sir?"

"Never mind the pressing, just turn them up, and put my revolver in my hip pocket. What you think of me?"

"Swell, Sir! Regler sport! Jest a little perfume, and a suite at the Helldorf, and all the kids'll be after ye. Shine, Sir?"

"Good night, dear friend! Your hand's as black as mine, so I don't mind offering to shake. I'll tell you all about it some day."

He looked at me with wistful eyes, as I left him, and I knew that his facetious sallies covered the concern of a warm and loyal heart.

I was soon ensconced in Rattler's saloon and not undesirous of attracting his attention. He eyed me several times obliquely before he approached and dropped his ponderous carcass into a chair opposite me.

"Well, stranger, what ye're going to have?"

"Doctor's orders, only milk and soda."

"Sick?"

"Hurt," and I placed my hand conscientiously over my wound.

"Been here long?"

"Couple o' weeks."

"Coal heaver?"

"No, janitor."

"Looking for a job?"

"No."

"Where ye hail from?"

"Canada."

"What ye do there?"

"Time."

"Oh! Got any long greens?"

"No."

"Better take a job then. I've got something in yer line, if ye can keep yer jaw shut."

"No, too weak yet."

"Never mind that. We'll make it light for ye at first. I'll just call the boss and talk it over."

He rose from the chair and went over to the phone. In a few minutes Steel entered the saloon, and after a short conference they both came over to the table where I sat aloof. Steel eyed me long and searchingly and finally enquired:

"What you do time for?"

Noting the badge of a secret society on his fob, I gave him the penal sign, and he evidently took it in the double sense intended.

"What you come to this saloon for?"

"Heard something up."

"Know any of the kids?"

"No."

"Don't think you'll make anything here. Can you use a gun?"

"Yep."

"If you don't want the janitor's job, you'd better beat it. Take it?"

"No, hurt."

"How long will it take to get fixed up?"

"Week."

"Just shovel the coal into the furnace, and we'll help you carry out the cinders. Take it or beat it?"

"What's the pay?"

"Two bucks a day, and you sleep in the basement with a gun in your hand, and put a hole into any man that's got no business there. Take it?"

"Yep."

"Rattler'll show you round, and give you a knock-down to all who belong here. Give 'em the once-over, and then go on the job. Here's two bucks."

He left us with a sardonic grin on his face, looking exactly what he was.

Under the guidance of the publican, I was shown over the building and presented to the various tenants. I was warned to take special notice of all such as were per-

mitted to enter the basement, and advised to shoot first if I found any one else below, as a daring burglary had been perpetrated a few days previously. Four detectives were pointed out to me, and I was told that there were several others stationed around the block.

I was not told of the opium den and its secret entrance, but the wiretapping appliance beneath the bed was pointed out to me, though no instruction as to its operation was vouchsafed to me. One introduction was of especial interest to me. Opening on to the back balcony of the second floor was a little room where the janitor kept some of his mops, brooms, mats, etc. In one of its dark recesses I noticed a dusty flight of stairs which evidently led to the loft. I did not exhibit any curiosity as to its purpose, but I determined to make use of it on the first possible occasion.

After I had been ciceroned through this sink of iniquity, I went down to the saloon and drank a pint of hot milk. I took another bottle with me to drink during the night, and, after banking the fire, threw myself on the bed in my clothes, and immediately sank to "tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

It was Thursday night. I had told Rattler that I was going to visit my doctor,

and not to be surprised if I was not at my post. On my return I hastily stoked the furnace, and ran up to the loft by way of my newly discovered stairs.

Calls was lying in an immaculately white bed, staring vacantly before her, and deathly pale. The perspiration poured from her face and bosom and she seemed to have just gained respite from some violent spell of pain. As I did not see Innocent, I crawled towards Pureheart's periscope, but she was not there. Then I tried Madame Coupler's, and discovered her in animated conversation with Steel, but their tones were deliberately suppressed as if they feared being overheard, and I returned to view Calls.

In a few minutes she began to moan, then to utter ear-piercing shrieks, and I judged that the pangs of parturition were upon her.

Innocent now appeared on the scene, bearing a pair of silver forceps in her right hand. She was exceptionally skilful in obstetrics, and in a few moments I heard the faint wail of an infant. The mother had become suddenly quiet, and I thought she had fainted.

Then an unexpected proceeding riveted my attention, and filled me with horror. The *accoucheuse* looked searchingly at the

unconscious mother, then deliberately turned the nut on the forceps till she had crushed the skull of the being she had only a few instants before brought into this vale of tears. The deed was so sudden and perpetrated with such callous sangfroid, that I did not recover my power of action till after Steel had entered the chamber at Innocent's call, taken the hastily wrapped corpse in his arms and departed.

Then I shook myself free from the incubus and hurried to the basement. But Steel was already there, standing guard before the closed furnace.

"Just thought I'd give you a hand and make the fire for you. You needn't look at it again for a couple of hours. Rattler told me you'd gone to see the doctor."

But he made no attempt to leave me alone, and before I could make up my mind what to say or do, the phone in my room called me away. It was an urgent appeal from the murderess:

"Tell Steel to come up at once."

I did not go into the boiler-room, but called to him, and then threw myself on to the couch, so that he might see me in this unsuspicious attitude as he hastened past me.

As soon as the door closel behind him, I jumped up, and dashed to the furnace.

There were the cremated remains of the tiny holocaust!

The mother, filled with aversion at the prospects of motherhood, would hardly have resigned her illegitimate offspring to such a cradle.

But I did not tarry long before this sad commentary on human depravity. Steel might return at any moment; besides, what might not be happening elsewhere?

I hurried again to the clerestory to witness another act in this twentieth century tragedy.

Calls was wildly tearing her hair and screaming shrilly:

"Where's my baby? I want my baby. It's my baby and his. I want my baby."

"I told you you can't have it now," said Innocent doggedly.

"I want it, I want it now. Bring my baby."

"I told you I'd take it to Baltimore."

"I want it here, and he's got to marry me," she screeched, pointing to Steel who stood near the door. "It's his child, and I'll make him marry me, or I'll show him up. I want my baby."

"It's not here," retorted Steel.

The frantic mother stared at him for a moment, then at the woman, as if trying to divine the full import of his words.

Then in a sudden paroxysm of inspiration, peal upon peal of accusation broke from her hoarse throat:

"You murdered it, you murdered it. I saw you do it. It was alive. I heard it cry, and you murdered it. Murderer! Murderer!" she shrieked, pointing first at one then at the other.

Innocent squirmed uneasily, but Steel stood unmoved. His indifference seemed to provoke her beyond endurance. She seized a tumbler at her side and flung it at him. It fell shattered at his feet, the crash smothered by her own strident voice:

"Help, help! Murder! Help, help! Police! Help! Murder!"

A sudden resolve seemed to pass over Steel's impassive face, and he left the room. In a few moments he returned, accompanied by Pureheart. The doctor looked thoughtfully at the raving creature for several moments, then he turned to the detective and said:

"She's sane."

"Then go and fetch it," commanded Steel impatiently.

Calls still gesticulated, and her lips moved, but no sound escaped them. She was utterly worn out with all the excitement and suffering through which she had passed, but she still sat upright.

The doctor turned and strode out of the chamber, but he was absent only a few minutes. When he returned, he bore a small medicine glass in his hand which he offered to Steel.

"Here, take this," said the detective gruffly to his unwedded wife. "It'll make you sleep. You're crazy, and don't know what you're talking about."

But she refused the proffered potion.

"If you won't take it, I'll pour it down your throat," he threatened.

Still she shook her head and held her hand over her mouth.

"Here, Doc, and you too," he said addressing Innocent, "come and help me hold her while I make her swallow it."

Pureheart hesitated, but the woman approached as if fearing to disobey. Steel caught the hand that was held tightly across the mouth and dragged it roughly away, but Calls immediately placed her other hand in the same position.

"Pull her hand away," he ordered angrily, and Innocent did his behest.

But he could not force the lips apart.

"Why don't you lend a hand? Haven't you the nerve?"

The doctor thus dared, came reluctantly forward and took the hand that Steel grasped. The latter now relieved, seized

a tablespoon and forced open the teeth of the struggling scapegoat whom he had forced back on her pillow. Then he poured the contents of the glass into her mouth, and held her down till she had swallowed it.

The doctor released his hold, then the midwife, and Calls clutched feebly at Steel's hands that held her down and covered her mouth.

In less than a minute I saw pass through her whole body a single tetanic convulsion, such as toxicologists state accompanies death from liquid cyanide of potassium; then she became still, and the pallor of death spread over her face.

Until then I had thought they were administering some sleeping draught, otherwise I should have fired through the ceiling. Now I knew they had poisoned her.

The doctor, prescriber of parturifacients, slunk out of the room, obsessed by the crime he had abetted. The woman, the professional feticide, who had unflinchingly taken the lives of dozens of infants, dared not now look upon the face of a martyred mother, and crept out after him. The unnatural uxoricide, instigator of this inhumanity, looked around, and, seeing himself alone with his dead, drew away his hackster hands and followed his accomplices.

"The trail of the serpent was over them all."

I, believing I had witnessed sufficient human hideousness for one night, raised myself from the boards, and sped down to my couch.

O tempora! O mores!

VIII.

INNOCENT INFANTICIDE.

I had slept for several hours, when in the midst of a dream of "a soul as white as heaven," "as chaste as unsunn'd snow," I was suddenly awakened by a violent rapping at my door. I seized my revolver and called out:

"Who's there?"

"Open the door," came back in Steel's metallic voice.

Had he discovered something, and was this to be the final reckoning? I hesitated, but answered him:

"All right, wait a bit."

Should I open and risk his vengeance?

I would.

"What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?"

"Simple duty hath no place for fear."

But I cautiously shielded myself behind the opening door, and held my cocked revolver before me.

"I see you've got it ready," he smiled forcedly. "I only wanted you to lend a hand with a dead woman upstairs. She died

having a baby, and the midwife wants her buried to-night. Afraid to handle her?"

"No."

"Come along then."

He led me to the chamber of the dead. In the hall adjoining I saw four black-clothed men and a coffin. No one else was about.

"Help me carry the coffin into the room."

"Can't lift anything with my left hand. Tie a rope round it, and I'll pick it up with my right."

One of the undertaker's underlings, hearing my request, produced a strap, and slipped it under the coffin. Taking hold of this, I helped Steel lift the box and carry it into the room.

Calls lay there exactly as I had seen her last.

"Let it down on the floor. Now slip the strap under her feet, and I'll take her shoulders, and we'll lift her into it."

As I performed these last rites, I could not help thinking that perhaps she would be better off in her grave than in this pitiless world of ours.

If "virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes," "virtue the greatest of all monarchies," how should vice bear "the dismal universal hiss, the sound of public scorn?"

God rest her soul, and may she meet that

of her innocent babe, which nipped in the bud on our terrestrial sphere, may bloom unblemished in the astral planes!

But why had he asked me, and not those funeral-garbed hirelings to coffin his victim? I understood why his accomplices dared not handle the dead, but his motive for not allowing the professional mourners to view his paramour was inscrutable, unless there lurked in his dastardly designs some latent fear that they might read in her face his guilt. Or perhaps he wished to put me to the test.

As soon as he had screwed down the lid, he called to the paid pallbearers and they immediately removed the coffin.

Before leaving with them, he ushered me into another bed-chamber where I discovered Innocent in travelling attire, and a tiny infant lying on her bed.

"Here's the janitor. Tell him what you want done," said the detective curtly, and immediately turned on his heel.

The midwife eyed me long before she spoke, while I tried to evade her gaze.

"I want you to clean up the room where that woman died, poor soul. I'm going to take her baby to her relatives in Baltimore, and I'll be away a few days. If any one calls, tell them I'll be back soon. You'll find the linen in this dresser, and you'd

better burn the other. I've left a note for the milkman. Take my grip down to the taxi, while I carry the baby."

She was a gaunt, peroxide blonde, with steel grey eyes, and a staccato intonation. She moved about silently and rapidly, and as she lifted the child, I noticed that her long, lean fingers were extraordinarily knotted at the knuckles.

I did not say a word, but took the satchel and followed her down-stairs to the taxi which stood in front of the building. As soon as she was gone, I wondered where the hearse was. It could hardly have disappeared so quickly. Then I bethought myself that it most probably would be standing in the rear, and I hurried through the hall just in time to see the long, black machine glide off bearing the cocained corpse to "the deep cold shadow of the tomb" unmourned, for the men who occupied the adjoining compartment neither knew nor cared whom they interred, and the one who knew grieved not and accompanied the mother of his child only that he might have her inhumed unknown and unseen.

Day was beginning to dawn. It seemed to me as if "sable-vested night" was following in the wake of the dead, and I could feel "the breezy call of incense-breathing

morn." But I was still weak, and, if deprived of rest and sleep, would not be able to cope with the wakeful wretches that surrounded me. I descended to my bed, but "the eternal landscape of the past" would not fade from my vision, and, after tossing my weary body about for an hour, I was compelled to go up into the fresh air.

My life had been spent in sunlight and in pure air; the dank, dark basement was therefore torture to me. I went out to the green spot in front of the school and looked up to "this gorgeous arch with golden worlds inlayed." Then I waited for the "flames in the forehead of the morning sky." When they came, they seemed to dissipate my weariness and I began to think logically.

Whose child had she taken with her, and was she really going to Baltimore? A few days previous I remembered having read an article that would explain her reason for choosing this destination.

In an exhaustive, detailed report, the state-wide vice commission had shown that vice was rampant in Baltimore. The most sensational of the features dealt with in the report was the alleged traffic in babies. It was asserted that investigators had found there were institutions in Baltimore to which the mother of an illegitimate child

might consign her offspring upon payment of a fixed sum and forever rid herself of legal responsibility for it.

Of the hundreds of children so taken in charge by the institution, the committee averred that 80 to 90 percent died and were buried in heaps in small plots of ground, one such plot, approximately fifty-five feet square, having been the tomb of 5,000 babies since 1886.

Since the commission began its work the police had closed the resorts in the segregated districts formerly tolerated by the authorities.

According to the report, however, there was no evidence that immorality was not as prevalent as ever. Much of this evil was practised clandestinely, said the commission, and business places, offices, boarding houses, and even homes were said to have been found in great numbers where immorality was introduced and continued in practice.

Here evidently was an idoneous dump for the deliveries which she failed to defeat. This illuminating thought gave me peace, and I lay down on the grass to sleep.

That evening I proceeded to perform the housemaid duties assigned to me. They were not particularly palatable, and I would gladly have delegated them to other hands,

if that had been at all possible, but under the circumstances I was compelled to go through the sad and sickening chores myself. I determined, however, to be amply repaid.

As soon as my odious task was completed, I examined every room in the flat very minutely. In her medicine chest I was not surprised to find a bottle of arsenic, a number of drugs and appliances used in illegal operations and to promote abortions or to check conception. Judging from the quantity, she must have carried on quite an extensive trade in these latter.

Every drawer in her massive Japanese secretaire was locked, but I had come prepared to pick them, and was soon absorbed in a perusal of documents more instructive in the methods of human degradation and depravity than were the papers I had appropriated from Bloater's assassin.

Her banking account at the Bloater institution ran into five figures, and she made deposits of from $100 to $5,000 at a time. Several letters showed that she received similar amounts from different women, and there were also quite a number of men among her contributors. The withdrawals amounted to somewhat more than 50 percent of the deposits, and though her checks were made payable to herself, many

of the counterfoils bore the notation "for S," whom I judged to be Steel, while others had the single word "Baltimore," which made me believe that the money had been used to pay baby farmers in that city.

Her diary, though fragmentary, was sufficiently itemized to disclose its purpose. Certain names appeared opposite certain dates, with some single word or initial to denote the purpose of the appointment. Then in ink of a different age or in pencil would be shown the receipt of a sum of money and disbursements, if any. Some women paid her for drugs, others for operations, others for confinements, and yet others for the disposition of children. The infants, if not still-born, were either sold to people who wished to adopt, placed in a Baltimore *crêche*, or where $5000 had been paid and there was no debit or explanatory term, I deemed the child had been offered at the altar of Moloch. Very few took charge of their own children.

There were quite a number of letters from people who had answered advertisements which she seemed to insert regularly, either offering a child for adoption, or touting for some aphrodisiac, some obscene or suggestive photo, some nostrum against secret ailments, etc., etc.

I had noticed many of these exposed for

sale in Waginsky's windows, and from the replies to her advertisements I gathered that she claimed many of them had been concocted either by herself or by the famous professor of sexual ailments, Dr. Pureheart.

I append a selection of the advertisements which I found inserted in a Chicago paper having a circulation of over a million:

SUFFERERS FROM NERVOUS, WEAK, RUN down conditions should take Juven Pills. They accomplish marvelous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever before been offered. Sent postpaid only on receipt of this advertisement and $1. . . .

A LETTER TO DR. ——— THE SPECIALIST will obtain his latest book on symptoms and cure of varicocele, stricture and urinary diseases. Every man should have it; postage 4 cts. Send today. Dr. ———.

WEAK, NERVOUS, RUN DOWN MEN; REMEMber we are specialists in chronic, nervous, blood, kidney, bladder and private diseases. Book symptom blank and advice free, sealed. Dr. ———.

SEX KNOWLEDGE MALE AND FEMALE DEscribed and illustrated, 276 pages of interest. By Dr. ———. Sent sealed, plain wrapper 60c. Circular free. . . .

LADIES, $1000! I positively guarantee my great Successful "Compound." Safely relieves some of the longest, most obstinate, abnormal affections in 3 to 5 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. Mail $1.50, Double Strength, $2.00. BOOKLET FREE. Write today. Dr. —.

LADIES: SECRETS YOU NEED FREE. Send today for information. . . .

LOVERS, SEND ONLY 20 CENTS, FOR $1.75 packages Patented Lovine Sachet. Real thing. Guaranteed. Never fails. . . . .

LOVERS' SACHET WINS YOUR SWEETHEART without delay. Powder and its "SECRET" 25c.

LOVERS' PERFUME POWDER. SECRET AND full directions, one dime. . . .

MISS MERRY WIDOW BEFORE THE BATH, 2 poses 10c. . . .

LITTLE MISS MABLE IN TWO NATURE poses, 10c.

MY LADY BEAUTIFUL AT BATH. TWO NAture poses, 10c. . . .

TWO STUNNING PICTURES OF FEMALE loveliness at bath, 10c. . . .

Many of the letters showed that she practised a regular system of blackmail. I give extracts of two which corroborate the crimes I had personally witnessed.

Dear Nurse Innocent:—

For pity's sake, have patience till I am married, then I'll send you $100.

I paid you the $5,000 agreed on, and I'm quite sure you told me there would not be any undertaker's expenses, so I can't understand how you got a bill for $100 from an undertaker. You said there would not be any grave or coffin or funeral, and that you'd fix it all so that no one but yourself would know.

But I'll send you the money as soon as I'm married. I can't send you a penny now, as my parents are spending so much for my trousseau, and I dare not pawn anything just before my wedding.

When I'm married, I'll ask Frank for the money, and I'll send you $150. The extra $50 is for some more of the stuff which you gave me. Please send it at once. I want a lot so that I can use it all before the wedding. I'm so nervous that Frank may guess something, though you promised me faithfully that he wouldn't notice anything, if I took the stuff regularly. But since your letter about the undertaker's bill, I've got scared, and perhaps you didn't tell me the truth.

Please have patience for the money, and tell me if the stuff will really make me as if nothing had happened.

My God! What would happen to me if Frank found out? And then I wouldn't be able to pay you. I'm sure I'd poison myself.

Dear Nurse:—

I received your letter asking me for $250 to pay the people in Baltimore, or they would send the baby back to you and you would bring it to me. For God's sake tell them to keep it a little longer, and I'll send you some more money as soon as I get my month's pay.

I send you in this letter a money order for $50. It's all I saved this year, and I wanted to go on a vacation. You know I've been sick ever since, and the doctor told me to go home to the farm to mother, but I daren't, and I wanted to go somewhere else. So now I can't go at all.

You know I only get $9 a week, and I send $2 to mother and put $1 in the bank for the baby, and sometimes I can't, because I've got to pay the doctors and the medicines.

I promise faithfully, I'll send you all I can at the end of the month, and please tell the people to wait and I'll pay them everything. And don't write like that, it makes me so sick, and then I can't work, and have to call the doctor.

While I was absorbed in close scrutiny of these papers, I fancied I heard a slight movement in the corridor, and dashed towards it with lightning-like velocity.

There was Innocent with her back to me, the telephone in her hand and about to summon help. Without hesitation or halt in the impetus of my rush, I sprang at her, snatched the transmitter from her hand, and snapped the wire.

As she whirled towards me, I feigned complete surprise and blurted out:

"Didn't know it's you. Thought a thief got into the house."

She looked at me with unfeigned incredulity and dudgeon, and retorted sarcastically:

"The only thief in the house is yourself. What were you looking for among my papers?"

"Looking for?" I reiterated, hurt. "Wasn't looking for anything. Was straightening them out."

"You're a liar,"she snapped conclusively. "All the drawers were locked, and I've got the keys."

"Sorry, ma'am, you don't believe me and take me for a crook. Look at them yourself, none of them locked," and I stepped aside to allow her to pass. I wanted her to enter her own room so that I might place myself between her and escape. Though a cunning woman, she fell unwittingly into my trap.

"It seems they are all open," she said in puzzled tones, turning towards me, "but you may have picked them all. You're no janitor, and I'm sure you're clever enough to do it. I hurried back, because I had a presentiment that something was wrong, and my woman's instinct never deceives

me. I don't know who you are, but you're no ordinary man, and you're not a criminal. When I saw your eyes, I felt it at once. You're our enemy. I'm surprised Steel didn't read your eyes and your brow. He knows a man as soon as he sees him. Perhaps he recognized the brains and how you use them, and mistook you for a great crook, but you can't deceive a woman. What did you want among my papers, and what do you want here working as a janitor with hands and nails that have never done a day's work in their life?"

I had been compelled to wash my hands before I touched the bedclothes.

"When a woman has once made up her mind about a man, it is useless to try and disabuse it," I replied coldly. "But in this instance your intuitive instincts have not deceived you. I was looking for evidence to convict you of murder."

Her eyelids widened, she grew ghastly pale, and sank into a chair. I kept my eyes riveted on her as a trainer on a savage beast. She tried to rise, but there was no power in her limbs. Her fingers twitched convulsively as they grasped the arms of the chair, and her bosom panted in vain efforts to urge some sound along her compressed throat. At last she whispered:

"And have you found any?"

My only answer was a continued stare.

Her eyes shifted restlessly and finally settled on the carpet.

We remained in this attitude for several minutes until she was able to say in a somewhat stronger and steadier voice:

"May I drink something?"

"You may eat, too, if you have the appetite," I replied ironically.

She rose weakly and tottered to her medicine cabinet. Her hand trembled so violently that she could barely turn the key, and when she attempted to pour some wine or other liquor into a glass, she spilled the greater part on the floor. But at last she managed to gulp down several small tumblerfuls, and these steadied her.

I noticed that she kept her back towards me, and I was convinced that she was planning or attempting some means of escape or retaliation. When she turned again, quite a different woman faced me. She was still pale, but her eyes glittered ominously and some set resolve appeared on her face. In her left hand she held a glass of wine and her right grasped a shelf behind her. Her voice was firm and even sneering when she addressed me:

"Perhaps a glass of wine will loosen your tongue and help you answer my question?"

I could see part of the third and fourth

shelves behind her. The bottle of arsenic was no longer on the fourth where I had seen it before, but stood now in the corner of the third.

"I am not very fond of arsenic," I replied coolly.

She started and began to shake again, spilling part of the wine on her dress. Then she raised the glass slowly towards her own lips, while a look of fearful futility filled her eyes.

"Drop it!" I thundered at her and the suggestive sound brought a compelled cry of terror from her, while the glass crashed to the floor.

"That is not the kind of death designed for *you*," I continued, pitilessly. "*You* are to be judged by the Mosaic Law—'An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth.'

"I will answer your question now without the spur of your poison. I *have* found sufficient evidence to convict you of murder. I saw you crush the skull of Calls' infant, and I saw you hold Calls while Steel poisoned her."

She swayed forward and would have fallen, if she had not caught hold of the door of the medicine cabinet.

"I know of the babies that you sent to the furnace, of those that you took to Bal-

timore. I know of your blackmail and quackery, of your countless illegal operations and illicit drugs.

"If your crimes had ended at abortion, I should allow you to live, for you might plead in extenuation the general practice of physicians and midwives all the world over.

"I do not wish to disprove either, though I could, that it might be beneficial for the State to establish hospitals where population might be controlled before conception or even before birth, in preference to allowing men and women of your and Pureheart's calibre to fatten on such as are unfortunate enough to fall into your hands, when you destroy parent and child. Or perhaps it is as well for posterity that they are drawn into your toils and are often rendered impotent to propagate their kind.

"But when you apply your malignant methods to children after birth, you overstep the boundary of immunity from death, you trespass on the domain of the murderer, and the murderer's penalty must be your penalty."

Her hand had been groping, as I thought aimlessly, among the bottles at her side and behind her, while her gaze was magnetized to mine. But suddenly she lifted one and flung it at my head with the

power of desperation. I ducked, and it broke against the wall behind, splashing its contents all around and bleaching everything white that it touched.

As soon as she apprehended that I had escaped, she set up a peal of piercing shrieks, and I sprang towards her. She raised her hands to ward me off, but I seized her throat with my right hand, and smothered her cries.

It was not my intention to strangle her with my hand. I forced her along till we reached her instrument chest, and there with my left hand I took the large silver forceps with which she had crushed the child.

"You have lived by the forceps, you shall die by the forceps!"

Her eyes were now beginning to bulge and her tongue to protrude, but she was perfectly conscious of my intentions, and dug her nails into my wrist and forced the blood from it.

If I had not been afraid of reopening the wound under my left arm, I should have used my left hand to pinion her throat with the forceps, but I was now compelled to throttle her till her hands fell and she sank to her knees. Then suddenly I loosened my grasp, changed the forceps to the

other hand, and nipped it round her throat.

I did not wish to prolong her agony unnecessarily, so tightened the vice as rapidly as the nut would turn. Then I let her sink back till she lay on the floor dead, the forceps still clutching her throat as a warning and premonition to those who would behold her.

I now opened one of the windows that gave on to the back balcony, went down to the basement to wash my wrist, cover the wounds with artificial skin, and besmirch myself in coal-dust again.

Then I paid a visit to the saloon, had a chat with Rattler, and after telling him that I would just take a look round and then turn in, I went to the balcony, fired two shots from my revolver, and waited for the detectives to rush up to me.

In the most excited tones I could affect, I exclaimed:

"Just saw a man crawl out of the midwife's flat. Think I must have hit him. She's not at home," and I rushed towards the open window, followed by the sleuths.

"See, her window's open. I'll get the keys downstairs."

When I returned, the detectives had already entered by way of the window, and were standing around the corpse.

(The Chicago *Tribune* recently claimed there were over 3,000 illegitimate births a year in Chicago, and tried to show what became of these martyrs. Some of them were traced to a premature death, the destiny of others was left in darkness. Was the task beyond the power of the *Tribune?* No! It was merely beyond its courage.)

IX.

RATTLER, THE FIXER.

Rattler had been summoned to the chamber by the detectives, and I found him rummaging among the papers into whose secrets I had already so deeply delved. His interests were twofold; not only did he collect the rent and hand over the proceeds to Steel, though ostensibly acting for the pseudo landlords, Bloater and his heirs, but both he and Steel were nephews of Innocent, and among the papers I had found a will bequeathing everything "equally to my nephews, Stoneheart Steel and Richard Rattler," but later amended so as to leave only one quarter to the latter and the residue to the former.

I recognized this document in his hand, and an evident impatience that the detectives might terminate their domiciliary visit as soon as possible and leave the apartment.

"If you've got all the facts, we may as well bury her at once," he said at last.

"Don't you think we'd better let Steel have a look at her?"

"Will he find out more than you know?"

"No, not that, but he might like to take a look over, himself."

"I'll answer to him. If you're through, I'll get the undertakers and have it over."

The detectives took this as a hint that they might depart, and accordingly left Rattler and me alone.

"I want you to help me move this desk into my room, and bury my aunt. I don't want the undertakers to know she was killed."

"I'll help with the desk; that is, I'll carry the papers; but can't move the furniture or the woman. Hurt my arm lifting the last dead woman in this flat. Ain't going to kill myself for two dead females."

"Alright, I'll get Pureheart to lend a hand. Let's get the papers out first."

He emptied the papers into a sheet, and we both carried them to his room adjoining the hall above the saloon. I was until then unaware that he slept on the premises or that there was a room there, or I should have extended my periscopic perforations to this part of the premises. But I now determined to transfer Innocent's periscope to Rattler's room. I had already discovered, since taking up my residence in the basement, a private room in the saloon opening on to the basement steps, and

had bored a hole large enough to hear with the help of a microphone what was said, though I dared not risk the insertion of a periscope.

As I was not interested in the imminent interment of the object of the *lex talionis*, I sought a much needed rest, and awoke after midnight refreshed and prepared to continue my sweep of the Augean Stable.

Naturally my curiosity now centered around the saloon, and I had become a confirmed convivialist. Although it was near closing time, I noticed an unusual number of evil-looking characters still ordering drinks in a manner that did not presage their early departure. Immediately before the doors were locked, a gentlemanly-looking crook sauntered in, and, as soon as Rattler caught sight of him, he beckoned him to follow, and they both disappeared in the direction of the basement stairs. I slipped out and downstairs at once, and was soon attentively listening at my microphone.

"Can you do it?" I heard Rattler enquire.

"What's it worth?" replied the other.

"Name your figure."

"Five hundred."

"I'll pay it."

"When you want it done?"

"Right away."

"Shall I work here?"

"I'll fix you up in my room upstairs. I've got to see the boys here."

"What do you want said exactly?"

"Make it read like this:

> 'After due consideration, I have come to the conclusion that my nephew, Stoneheart Steel, does not require my money as much as my nephew, Richard Rattler, does. I therefore will and bequeath all I possess to Richard Rattler.
>
> INNOCENT IMMUNE.'

"And date it today, or rather yesterday. Come along!"

It was no use my following them, as I would probably not gain any further information, even if I could watch the forger at work. Accordingly I remained where I was to learn what the "boys" had to impart. In about a quarter of an hour I again heard voices and the most discordant dialogues it has been my lot to listen to.

I was evidently an auditor at the proceedings of an infamous pay-off joint. Different voices became audible in their turn, and amid asseverating curses and ribald interruptions on the part of Rattler, either recounted or were forced to confess foul deeds perpetrated and felonous spoils filched. And then as a climax, and after heated haggling and thumb-screw threats,

each handed over a percentage of his ill-gotten gains with a rake-off for the fixer, Rattler.

I calculated the percentage of that night to exceed $5,000.

Towards three in the morning Rattler came down the stairs and walked towards my room. While he pounded at my door, I slipped out, and then when I descended made believe that I had been upstairs.

"Up early," he remarked enquiringly.

"Too hot to sleep down here. Went up for a whiff of air. What about a fan?"

"Never mind a fan. I'll give you all the air you want. Can you drive a machine?"

I nodded affirmatively.

"Must collect last month's rent. Come up to the garage, and we'll get out at once."

It struck me as being an unearthly hour for rent collecting, but perhaps he was going into the country. My surmise seemed to be verified, when I noticed he steered the car in the direction of the West Side. But he halted before a large flat building when we reached 3000.

"Watch this," he said, shifting a satchel to my side and leaping from the machine. "If any cops ask questions, say 'Rattlesnakes.' They know I got to collect rent here. If any crooks or private tecs come around, and there's no cop near, beat it

home, and lie low. Keep the power on, and your gun handy. I'll be down in a second. Get me?"

I winked.

He ran into the hall of the building, and left me with the car drawn up where no lights would expose me to view. I immediately tried to open the satchel, but it was locked.

A few seconds later another machine stopped right in front of the hall door, and a young fellow in evening dress handed out a lady of easy virtue and hard bargains. They disappeared into what I was now convinced was a house of assignation, an agapemone. The "rent" that Rattler collected

"While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,"

was evidently protection graft.

No sooner had this conviction dawned upon me than the fixer appeared and sprang into the car.

"Anyone around?" he panted excitedly.

I shook my head.

He then selected a key from a heavy bunch at his side, turned the lock of the satchel, took a heavy wad of bills from his pocket, and dropped it hurriedly in, but not before I had espied several other thick rolls

of notes reposing at the bottom. He then sped away towards the South Side.

When he closed the satchel, I noticed he forgot to turn the key, and I determined to make use of my opportunity at our next halt; for I presumed from the direction we were taking that there was some more "rent" to be collected. But why did he trust me with all this money? I could only surmise that he was in some extraordinary hurry to get in this "rent," and had some desperate design in view. His excited exterior lent color to my theory.

At our second halt I peeped into the satchel. There was nothing but bills and the will, which I discovered by a hasty look to have been forged in Rattler's favor.

I was almost discovered in these investigations by a policeman.

"What news?" enquired the groggy guardian of the law.

"Rattlesnakes!" I replied with a grin.

The shibboleth worked like a charm, and I appreciated the hasty retreat beaten by the blue-coated cop. Who, especially one suffering from *deceptio visus*, cares to tackle "Rattlesnakes" at 4 A. M.?

At our fifth halt (we made nine that night or rather morning), I was accosted by a sprightly young *fille de joie* who was wandering home alone.

"What you wait for?" she enquired in her charming French accent.

I replied in French, and she uttered a cry of pleasure to hear it. As best I could, I explained we were collecting "rent," or at least I surmised we were.

A sudden frown spread over her finely chiselled features, and I hastened to disclaim any connection with Rattler's errand.

"I'm only looking after the car, Mademoiselle, and I love him and his trade less than you do," I whispered confidentially.

Her frown relaxed.

"What's he look like?"

I described him.

"*Sacré maquereau!*" she hissed. "He owes me ten dollars, and he hit me. I'd like to knife him."

"I don't mind helping you," I answered in sympathy.

She laid one delicate little hand on mine, and the other she placed on my shoulder.

"I love you," she exclaimed impetuously. "Come here to-morrow and ask for Mimi, number fourteen."

"I'll come and see you Mademoiselle, but I can't promise it'll be to-morrow night or rather to-night, because I have another rendezvous. But go away now, there comes Rattlesnakes."

She cast a look of deep hatred at her

debtor, and I almost feared that she would attack him there and then. If she had had a weapon handy, I believe she would not have been able to restrain herself. But she slipped into the shadow before Rattler recognized her or that she had been speaking to me.

Our last stop, before we turned homeward, was in a rather genteel neighborhood. On this occasion Rattler took the bag with him, and rang the basement bell of a single-storied house on the facade of which I noticed a highly-polished brass plate bearing the legend "Attorney at Law," and some downtown office address. He pressed the button intermittently for at least ten minutes before he was admitted, and it was daylight before he reappeared minus the satchel.

We whirled home in silence, and I noticed that a look of intense satisfaction had now replaced the anxious and urgent light in his eyes.

I had had no sleep that night, and even in a healthy condition I always make it a rule to have between seven and eight hours' repose. I had discovered during my term of active military service, when I was compelled to remain in the saddle for 48 hours at a stretch and often for three days

and nights, that my courage waned in proportion to the amount of sleep I missed. Although my requirements in this respect diminish as I grow older, on this occasion I felt it my first duty to make up for lost rest, in spite of the fact that most great men are known to have been content with about four hours, and I consider good examples worthy of imitation.

That night I kept a sharp lookout for Steel, as I expected his encounter with his cousin would be worth overhearing and perhaps witnessing. Towards midnight he dashed up in his racer, and before he could alight, one of the detectives who had examined the *corpus delicti* in Innocent's room, stepped up to him and evidently imparted the events of the day. I did not stop to note the effects of the news, but hurried into the saloon.

In a few minutes Steel appeared affecting complete nonchalance. Rattler, however, could not hide his deep concern as his cousin approached him.

I was unable to catch their words, but noticed Steel's bullying scowl, and in a few moments he walked off in the direction of the room on the basement stair, followed unwillingly and somewhat timorously by Rattler.

Their departure was the signal for my

own descent, but in a roundabout way, to the microphone.

"You were in a hell of hurry to bury her," I heard Steel say when I reached my station.

"I was afraid some un might come along and find out she was strangled," apologized Rattler somewhat lamely.

"You needn't have let 'em see her."

"Didn't think of that."

"Who d'ye think did it and why?"

"Dunno."

"Rogers told me they didn't take anything. Did you look through her papers?"

There was a long pause before Rattler replied almost inaudibly.

"Yah, I took 'em all into my room, to be on the safe side."

"The devil you did," shouted Steel, "and what ye do that for?"

"Thought she might have some papers that nobody but us ought to see."

"Did you find the will?"

"Yah, and I took it to my attorney."

"Oh! You did, did you? And what was your reason for that?" sneered his interlocutor.

Rattler's voice was loud and defiant when he retorted:

"Because I read it, and noticed you'd made her change it and leave three quar-

ters to you and only one quarter to me. But she came to her senses, and left it all to me at last."

"So," drawled Steel sarcastically, "that's interesting, very interesting. And when did our dear aunt come to her senses, my dear cousin?"

"Didn't look at the date."

"That's strange! You were so careful about everything else."

Then his voice changed and rang out sharply:

"That will will bear close inspection, and your hurry to bury your dear aunt, cross-examination. I must see that will."

"You can see it at my attorney's," rejoined Rattler aggressively.

There was a long silence, then Steel enquired, and I heard the menace in his voice:

"The boys were here last night. What's the figure?"

"I kept it on account of the ten thousand you owe me as my share."

"You're getting very independent, my dear cousin. But I'd like to know how much it was."

"Two thou."

"I'll have to check that up. Should have been double. Rogers told me that you were out for a spin this morning. Where did you go with the janitor?"

"I'm not compelled to give you an account of all my movements. But if you'd like to know, I went round to the 'houses.' "

"Did you go to see that little kid that you owe $10 to, and who you punched for dunning you, or did you go on business?"

"I collected about $1,100."

"And I expect you applied it as you did what the 'boys' brought? I must go round and see the ladies. Last time it was $3,000."

Then his tones changed abruptly and he hurled between his teeth:

"I'll give you half an hour to hand over the swag and till 9 o'clock to-morrow to get me that will."

I heard footsteps, an opening door, then Rattler's voice:

"I'll see you in hell first!"

There was a sudden rush, and a body came tumbling down the basement steps. I peered between the cases and barrels which I had arranged to shield me, and my eyes, accustomed to the obscurity, made out the figure of Rattler rising slowly to his knees. A moment later Steel's outlines came into view.

They were both powerful men inured to the eventualities of a rough-and-tumble life. Rattler might have been the heavier and stronger, but Steel possessed intelligence and science.

The former crouched in silence till his assailant came within reach, then he leapt at him like a lion, and they both crashed to the floor. It was too dark, and I was not favorably situated to witness all the vicissitudes of this consanguineous contest.

Neither of them said anything as they rolled hither and thither; it was only their violent panting that gave me an inkling of the progress of the battle.

At last their struggles ceased, and they lay quiet for several minutes.

Then I noticed the tall figure of Steel rise laboriously from his prostrate opponent, and stand over him in silence as if contemplating the vindication of his own prowess.

After what might have been a quarter of an hour's reflection in this immobile attitude, he moved away towards the door by which he had descended. This he closed and bolted. The other doors which gave access to the saloon basement were similarly secured. Then he made the tour of the large vats which encircled the cellar, and examined each one carefully. The inspection completed, he returned to the motionless body of his cousin, lifted it with apparent effort and carried it towards one of the vats. With greater difficulty he attempted to raise the body to the top of

the vat, but his strength proved inadequate, and he let the body sink to the ground again.

Overcome by the exertion, he sat down on the ledge which projected beyond the vat, and looked around in search of some appliance to aid him in his purpose. A skid standing in a corner attracted his attention. He sprang to his feet, stepped swiftly to the skid, and carried it to the vat. Using this as an inclined plane and a ladder, he pushed the body before him to the top, and then allowed it to slide silently into the liquor which the vat no doubt contained.

Thus immersed in the element with which he was saturated and with which he had hastened the end of innumerable others, Rattler, if not already dead, had meted out to him through some inscrutable retributive justice a death worthy of his life.

His sexton, slayer, and cousin did not stop to mourn or exult, but immediately closed the lid of the vat, and left the basement by a different door from which he had entered. I allowed him several minutes to precede me, and then left my lurking place, and proceeded to the saloon again.

In a few minutes Steel entered the bar, asked the tender for a drink, for which he did not pay, and brought it over to the

table where I sat. He had changed his clothes, had a wash and brush up, and the closest observer would not have recognized in this spruce and collected person the individual who had only a quarter of an hour before sent a relative to his doom and consigned him to his sepulchre.

"Would you remember where you went last night?" he enquired suavely.

"Guess some, not all," I replied.

"I wanted to send you to the attorney where Rattler left some papers. Do you remember his office?"

I was certain that he did not know the attorney or his address himself, but I allowed him to draw me.

"Yep, his name's ———, and Rattler left the bag and a bunch of greenbacks there too," I volunteered ingenuously.

"Fine! You've got a head on your shoulders. Exactly what I wanted to send you for. Rattler was afraid to keep 'em here. Just wait five minutes."

He rose and entered a telephone booth. When he returned to me, he beckoned to the bar-tender to approach us.

"Rattler's gone on his vacation for a couple of weeks. Hand over the cash and take your orders from him," he said, pointing to me, "when I'm not here. Go on!" and he ordered the man back to his work with a wave of his hand.

In all my ambitions for new experiences, I had never aspired to the dignity of a saloon-keeper, but I was now virtually in the position of one who has greatness thrust upon him. Without such compulsion I should never have achieved this altitude. I accordingly bowed to the inevitable, took my preferment with beseeming modesty, and determined not to be puffed up with overweening pride.

"Rattler runs an ad.," began Steel, "in the afternoon papers for performers. When the girls turn up, you tell 'em experience isn't necessary. All they have to do is to dance with 'reubens,' and when you blow the whistle every minute, they've got to line the men up against the mahogany to buy drinks. The bar-tender sells 'em two small whisky glasses filled with a soft drink and charges the rube 15 cents. A nickel of that money goes to the girl, you get the second nickel, and the bar gets the third nickel. Of course, if they want to order something stronger, nobody will refuse to serve 'em. Tell the kids a 'live wire' can make as high as $15 a night. Get me?"

I nodded.

By the time I had received sufficient instruction to enable me to practise my new vocation with profit, the gentlemanly look-

ing crook who had forged the will in Rattler's favor appeared on the scene, apparently in response to Steel's 'phone call, for he approached our table, Steel immediately retired with him to the room of his former exploits, and I was told to wait where I was for their return.

In half an hour Steel brought me a sealed envelope addressed to the attorney Rattler had visited, told me to take the street-car to my destination, and, if asked who had sent me, to answer, Rattler. I noticed that the handwriting was an excellent forgery of Rattler's scrawl, and the envelope probably contained a request for the return of the will and the money, but, as I was sure I should be shadowed on my errand, I felt that I should not be able to verify this.

Thus was I delegated a Messenger of Hell.

X.

WAGINSKY, THE WITTOL.

A friend of mine, who had taken the trouble to read the previous chapters of this story, expressed the fear that it would not sell.

"Your criticisms of American morals are too personal to be palatable," he said.

"Are they true?" I enquired.

"I cannot deny that they are true, but you should never show up a man's weaknesses or those of his kin to his face. Now, for instance, if you had gone after the 'dayum furriner,' the 'dayum Dutchman,' the 'dayum Mick,' the 'dayum Dago' or the 'dayum Greaser,' the American public would applaud your castigation of them to the re-echo, but now they won't buy you. The Americans like flattery, you know. To be popular you must be pleasing."

"Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul," I quoted sententiously and rather too egotistically for a modest man. "You know that of greater importance to me than the almighty dollar is the omnipotent

truth. 'That golden key that opes the palace of eternity.' "

"I'm afraid you will have little chance of entering the palace of eternity. You have taken the law into your own hands and the lives of many."

"I know of no divine injunction against my actions, yet, as I have told you before, I do not justify myself, I merely condone under present extenuating conditions. I am an opponent of capital punishment, but I have no means of reformatory restraint at my disposal. I have always advocated respect for the law, but you know as well as I do that evasion and corruption of the law are general in this country, and, if I appealed to the law, the men and women whom I have hunted and will hunt to their doom would have found means of frustrating my efforts.

"That brings us back to our starting point—your opinion that Americans will resent my caustic criticisms.

" 'He makes no friend who never made a foe.'

"If I were not indifferent to, in fact an audacious antagonist of, American society, I should not have taken up this purging profession. But you are mistaken when you think that the best American writers are whitewashers.

"Look at this page of the Sunday *Tribune.* These writers are supposed to be among the best, and they do nothing week after week but pull American society to bits. Their articles to-day do not happen to be apropos to our subject, but listen to what they say.

> Yes, there is no doubt of it, 'tis the American from and of the United States upon whom the Mexicans look as the foreigner most foreign to their heart and mind, the *gringo maldito.* This being true, why is it true? It will not do to answer the question in the would-be superior jingo way, by shrugging shoulders and smiling contemptuously and drooling out some jeering sentences to the effect that "The—uh—dayum Greasers—uh—are nothing but dayum savidges ennyhow—uh—and don't like us because they've got no better sense—uh—and hate all our glorious cee-vee-ly-zashun—uh—and it don't make a dayum bit of difference ennyway what those Greasers think of US—uh—"*et cetera, ad nauseam.*
>
> Because that kind of jingo drivel is quite as false as it is idiotic. It is not a particle less false and idiotic than was and is the jingo drivel, lamentably common in these United States for the last half century or so, which pronounced US able to "lick 'em all—uh; let 'em all come—uh; lick the whole world—uh—; hands down," *et cetera, ad majorem nauseam,* and which represents a species of national imbecility that has left us unprepared, practically helpless, in the event of any serious martial trouble. Wherefore, it could not possibly be

more fearfully false and disgustingly idiotic than it is.

Granted the right to psychologize with a people instead of an individual for a subject, one may justly hold that the worst psychic blemish, fault, or evil of the American nation is the puerile self-admiration to which such jingoistic self-praise, always implying jingoistic contempt for others, as has been instanced in preceding paragraphs, bears witness undeniably.

"And the other, who also is a professor at a great American university and a man who had travelled much and is therefore able to judge and compare, writes in a similar strain in spite of the ill-will of his countrymen."

It is not altogether Mr. Wilson's brand of neutrality, his temporizing attitude of mind and soul, the blundering of the Democratic administration from the beginning of the war, although without any doubt our president by expressing the more timid, cowardly, and selfish desires of the people has had an enormous influence in making them the prevailing will of the nation. It is not the unimaginative and gross pacifism of large sections of our country, too remote apparently from the actualities of any life outside their own placid horizons to care much of what is happening to the whole world. It is not the confused, unthinking way in which Americans have long been accustomed to express their political purposes. It is not wholly our low grade politicians who have

betrayed us, nor the fact that during two years of the most tremendous object-lesson humanity has ever had offered to it we have talked much and done practically nothing to prepare ourselves for either peace or war. It is not any one or all of these reasons which convince me, for instance, that Mr. Wells is right, that the United States of America will play no important role such as it might easily have played in settling the destinies of the world for the next hundreds of years, in making the vision of international peace something more than a forensic entertainment. It is, rather, the spirit of our people to-day as displayed in their activities and preoccupations, also by the blunt utterances of many of our supposedly enlightened citizens.

What precious thing beyond self-complacency, "dreams of aloofness and ineffable superiority," should we abandon by frankly admitting that we are one of the world's family of great nations, vitally concerned in all that concerns them, above all, concerned in maintaining peace among them?

"You see I am not alone in my refusal to admire these Snobs of the Stars and Stripes, and I can assure you that this is the mildest stuff I have read for months. If I can give these self-complacent Yankees a jolt on their pedestal, I am merely following the prevailing fashion of their best scribes.

"Now let me get to the story of Waginsky. It will please you, as I did not kill

anyone or take the law into my own hands."

The drug-store adjoined the saloon, and as I had now been virtually initiated into the arcana of the gang, I had ample opportunities for spying on Waginsky's activities, learning the subterfuges resorted to by dope fiends under the new law, and how they lie, rob, and murder to procure drugs.

The Harrison law prohibits all persons from selling or giving away habit forming drugs without a physician's prescription or under the direct instruction of a physician. The penalty for violation is a fine of not more than $2,000 or imprisonment for not more than five years or both. That doctors, dentists, druggists, veterinarians or others may obtain them, the statute provides that they shall register at the United States internal revenue office, pay a small license fee and obtain a supply of 100 blanks, which, when properly filled out, establish their right to purchase morphine, cocaine, heroin or any of their derivatives for use in their business.

Waginsky was not adverse to selling drugs without a permit, though I noticed that he often sent his clients, especially if they were new to him and came merely on the introduction of a regular friend, up to

Dr. Pureheart for a prescription, which was very rarely refused.

His homemade candy, in the manufacture of which I discovered Madame Coupler was his chief aid, was very popular among the boys and girls who attended the school in the rear block, and I could not understand why these children paid $1 and $1.50 a pound for it, till I stole some myself, and found it filled with different varieties of dope.

Since so many of Steel's associates had been removed from their activities, Wago was allowed to fawn upon his tyrant, who often condescended to take a drink with his satellite and honor him with his conversation.

One evening I overheard Steel telling him a story that interested him much. A young man had presented himself at the police station and made a confession to the effect that he and a former engraver in the United States treasury department were living in a houseboat on the river and were there engaged in the manufacture of bogus banknotes. He told them that he had become conscience-stricken and had decided to give himself up and take his punishment. His story was so plausible and told with such a wealth of detail that he had fooled even Steel himself.

After the confession, Steel went on to recount, a look of intense agony had spread over the young man's face, he pressed his knuckles into the pit of his stomach and writhed in apparent torture. He explained that he was suffering from cramps, was taken to a city dispensary, and there several injections of morphine were administered.

Then came the climax to the tale. In a few minutes the whole demeanor of the penitent had changed. He had become ecstatically happy, and under the influence of the drug had admitted that his whole story was a mere fabrication, a dodge to obtain a "shot" of the drug for which he craved.

"That's a good one," laughed Wago in undisguised admiration. "Pureheart told me one the other day that he got at the Federal Building, but it's not half as good as yours. I'll tell it you, if you like."

Stoneheart's familiarity seemed to embolden him, and he immediately changed his mind and thought a yarn of his own without the additional glamour of Pureheart's name might be ventured:

"But first I'll tell you one of my own, how I cured Righteous, and then how one of my clients left the habit behind him at Joliet, dog gast him.

"You know our former janitor used to take 26 grains of morphine a day, and none of us could get any hot water or steam when he was doped. He gave me $50 to buy him a supply, and I agreed to get it for him, if he allowed me to administer it. When he came for his shot every morning, I reduced the injections a quarter of a grain a day and substituted quinine. Nobody can tell the difference between powdered morphine and quinine, you know. At last I gave him pure quinine, and that's what he was taking when he disappeared."

"I couldn't account for his loss of memory," grunted Steel, "but now I understand, it was your quinine."

"Yes, quinine has that effect," endorsed Wago as if paying a tribute to the detective's toxicological acumen. "Don't you think it was a good dodge of mine?" he continued, seeking an expression of approval.

"Let's hear the other," replied Steel, ignoring the question.

"You remember that young assistant instructor of chemistry that was picked up in the streets by the police and who was in the habit of spending Saturday night upstairs with Yvette? He used to buy $1 worth of morphine from me and sell half of it to his chums for $1. They put him

away for four months, but let him out after he had served three. That cured him; I lost a regular customer, and Yvette her best sucker."

"I've heard that before," drawled Steel. "Give us Pureheart's."

Somewhat crestfallen at this lack of appreciation, Wago continued:

"One of his ovariotomy clients who had been using dope for 30 years registered as a physician and received a book of blanks, but before she could use any, she was detected, and fined $500 for making a false affidavit. She had given Pureheart as a reference, and that's how he got to hear about it."

"Served her right for not getting it through Pureheart," mumbled Steel.

At this stage of the conversation I was called away to another part of the saloon, and missed the remainder of these interesting anecdotes.

I was racking my brain for a means to prevent Waginsky's nefarious trade and at the same time trying to devise a suitable form of punishment for him, when a letter from Yvette changed my whole attitude in this matter. Part of this effusive outburst of gratitude contained the following passage:

"May has written me that you are determined to exterminate the whole block. Please don't kill Madame Coupler. She tried to help me, but she couldn't. Her husband, Waginsky, is a bad man. He's a gambler, and often makes her do wicked things, and then he takes her money. But don't kill them, at least don't kill her. Just threaten them, and I'm sure they'll be afraid, and engage in some other kind of business. They're both big poltroons."

It was news to me that Madame Coupler was Mrs. Wago Waginsky, but I decided not to antagonize Yvette's solicitude and to put her advice to the test. That evening I made use of a neighboring booth and called Madame up.

"Hello, Mrs. Waginsky, don't you know me?"

"No, who are you?"

"Your old *ami,* Monsieur High."

"Oh! I haven't got a room for you."

"I don't want a room. I want to give you and your husband some sound advice. Now, if you value your life, you'd better take my advice, and don't put the receiver up, or warn anyone, till I'm through. I'm the man that's cleaning up your block. I took May and Yvette and a few others out of your clutches."

"O God, I knew it."

"No, you didn't. Shut up, and listen. I settled Jambon, Rattler, Speedway, Bloater, Innocent, Ching Wo Po, Fujii, and Calls. Now there's only Steel and Pureheart left, and I'm leaving them for the last. You and your wittol don't count, because I'll strangle you both in bed if you don't beat it."

"We'll go, don't kill—"

"Shut up. Before you go, you've got to do something. Give each of your *pensionnaires* $50 and send them up to Mrs. ——'s home, ———, Montreal. Then tell your wittol to make a clean sweep downstairs before he sells out, and to warn his successor to run a clean business, or I'll slice him up into mince-meat."

"O Lord!"

"Shut up! Take all the tobacco, dope, home-made candy, the pornographic books and photos which you keep for sale in the back room, the Aphro stuff with the ram's head and the picture of the impotent young man surrounded by nude girls in your window, the aphrodisiacal drugs and appliances which you import via Holland, the smutty toys you get from Germany, and pitch the whole lot into the furnace. Then take all the rubber goods out of the window and put them where they belong, in a cupboard, out of sight of the school kids

who enter and pass your store. When you have made it respectable inside and out, sell it to some decent pharmacist, and you and your wittol beat it to where you can earn a decent living. Now you'd better make things hum, as I've got my eye on you. Good night!"

When I returned to the block, I made it my business to hang around Madame's flat, and soon discovered an unusual commotion there. Everybody seemed to be packing, and Madame visibly bore the effects of my scare. When I descended to the drug-store, I noticed that Wago still plied his tartarean traffic unconcerned. Perhaps he had not been cautioned or consulted?

While I was still making my observation, Steel entered the store and was immediately monopolized by Wago. After a few minutes of earnest conference, the former hurried up to Mrs. Wago, and all I could gather, when I followed him, was that a heated discussion was under way, which, however, did not interrupt in the least the preparations for a general exodus. Madame was evidently bent on flight.

As Steel passed out of the flat, he caught sight of me sweeping the balcony and immediately accosted me:

"You've got to keep a sharp lookout tonight. Some guy's threatened Waginsky

and his wife, and she's got scared. I'll put somebody on to watch her flat and the drug-store, but it won't do any harm if you keep an eye on 'em too."

"I'll keep two eyes on 'em," I replied boldly and truthfully, for I had my own motives not to lose sight of the dope-dispenser and his gray mare.

From about 10 P. M. to midnight I assisted Madame and her *pensionnaires.* merely for the purpose of discovering their plans. Madame was bound for New York to stay with a sister, three of the girls were going to Canada to the friend of mine who had started a lace factory for fallen women, two had decided not to leave Chicago, but to move to a house on the South Side.

Just before closing time, and after Waginsky had already extinguished several of his lights, I walked past his store and took a peep in. Only two customers remained, and they were smoking at a table, with empty glasses before them. Something about their physiognomies attracted my attention. They were either drunkards or dope fiends. Wago was not visible, presumably he was at the back in his prescription laboratory; his two assistants had left, and a detective was strolling back and forth before the block.

In the laboratory was a door opening on to the basement steps from which through the keyhole one might obtain a view of the dispensers at work, and, if the door were slightly ajar, also hear their conversation. I now hurried to these steps by way of the basement, and crawled stealthily up towards the laboratory. Before I could see anything, I could hear a voice:

"We want some cocaine."

"How much?" I heard Wago enquire.

"We just want some, to take home. Ain't got no money to-night."

"Can't have it."

"We've got to have it."

"Nothing doing."

By this time I had crept up several steps, and now saw one of the men I had noticed in the store standing before Waginsky. Before the latter was aware of his intention or able to utter a cry, the man had seized him by the throat and compressed his windpipe. Wago was a puny specimen of humanity, and did not even attempt to shake his assailant off.

The man now whistled to his companion, and I saw the other enter the laboratory.

"Switch off the lights in the store, and give me a package of that bandage to gag him."

The switch-board was near the base-

ment door, and, as I heard several clicks, I presumed the lights were extinguished. Then they bound and gagged their victim, and forced him to a sitting posture on the floor.

Now began their search for their favorite drug. They ransacked every shelf, drawer, and bottle, until at last I heard one exclaim:

"I've got it."

They both seated themselves near their powerless prisoner, and shot the cursed cocaine into their veins. As the drug began to show its effects, their voices grew louder and their demeanor bolder.

"Say, Shortey, tell us the combination of the safe."

"How the ——— can he talk when he's gagged!" laughed the other.

"Right y'are. We'll make him write it. Loosen his right hand."

They untied his hand, and put a pencil into it, and I noticed him write something on a pad one of the fiends held before him. They then started turning the lock of the safe, but they had either been given the wrong combination, or their muddled brains were unable to operate it correctly, for all their efforts to open the safe proved futile. Their failure exasperated them beyond control, and the cocaine-mad desperadoes

now turned their rage upon the chemist. One of them seized a brass pestle from a mortar and dashed out Waginsky's brains.

I did not stop to witness any further scenes in this drama, but rushed up into the saloon where I expected to find Steel, and told him only that I had heard a noise in the drug-store and thought something was wrong.

He summoned several of his myrmidons and ordered them to surround the store, while I hypocritically warned them not to forget the basement.

The fiends had not even taken the precaution to lock the street door, and Steel, followed by several detectives, had merely to walk straight in. I followed discreetly in the rear.

As soon as I entered, I heard the oaths of the madmen as they smashed the bottles and jars around them.

Steel stepped boldly forward with his revolver in his hand. The fiends, totally oblivious to our approach, continued their work of destruction, not altogether without my approval.

The posse made a sudden rush, and the men, taken by surprise, were easily overpowered.

Waginsky lay dead on his side, bathed in a pool of blood and covered with a

shroud of broken bottles and the drugs which had finally found a fitting object for their effects.

"I wonder if these are the nuts that have been operating against us?" queried Steel pensively.

I did not proffer an opinion.

XI.

STEEL'S STRAPPADO.

Since Waginsky's death I had noticed a great change in Steel's costive and cautelous conduct. It was no longer with him, "Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice." One could say, "What a spendthrift is he of his tongue!" The arrest of the fiends had evidently allayed his suspicions, but enhanced his loneliness. He now had time to perceive that all his associates had dropped away, either into the grave or remoteness. Pureheart had never been his intimate, and was too busy to console or divert.

Whenever he visited the Block, he sought my company and tried to extract from me the story of my past. I spun him a yarn, in which I allowed my imaginative powers full play. When he thought that my confessions had placed me in his power, he rewarded me with his own confidences, by suggesting that I could make a pot of money, if I cared to fill one of the posts left vacant by the recent deaths.

"The only thing I'm fit for is to run the saloon," I suggested. "But I've got no money."

"We'll fix that. You can pay me out of the profits."

"How about Rattler?" I queried innocently.

He could not hide his embarrassment for several seconds.

"To tell the truth," he said at last, "Rattler told me he was tired of the job, and if I could get some one else to run the place, he wouldn't come back."

"All right then. We'll talk it over, but you'd better get a new janitor first. The basement makes me sick, and heaving coal don't help my arm any."

"I'll get one to-morrow."

"Then, if you don't mind advancing me a few dollars, so's I can go on the bum for a week or so, and get well, I'll be much obliged."

"How much?"

"Well, say $50."

He told the bar-tender to give me the money.

"Have a drink on it, while we write a contract."

I noticed that he now sought every pretext for a drink, whereas formerly, though a hard drinker, he would never allow himself to be drawn into a drinking bout.

I had demanded the vacation not principally for the sake of my health, but because I wished to have leisure to track my employer, and to bring matters to a head with Pureheart. I hoped to be able to do this before the time arrived when I should have to take charge of the saloon, more mephitic than the basement to my constitution.

I have always fled happiness, since experience taught me that its quest brought me only misery. If I had to choose a vocation with an eye to the minimum of felicity it could impart, I would choose the one least repulsive to my nature.

"They are happy men whose natures sort with their vocations."

The first act of my holiday was to hire the most powerful motor-cycle I could find, and fly out of the city, until I was sure that I was not being shadowed. Then I returned as near as it was prudent to the Block, and waited for Steel to pass in his racer. He usually drove up to the limit, and since my advent, had been on the alert to see whether he was followed. I trusted to his present unsuspicious, inebrious mood, and my distance five blocks away, to allay his habitual vigilance.

I waited patiently for at least an hour before he whirled past me in his green

car. Then I sprang into the seat and began to track him, allowing several other machines to intervene between us. I had not troubled to disguise myself, as I had decided that, if he recognized me, I would not attempt any subterfuge, but would accost him with the plausible remark that I was going into the country.

We threaded our way along Sheridan Road at top speed, and I often had difficulty to keep him in sight as he dashed past the advance cars whenever opportunity offered.

We were soon in Evanston, and I had to increase the distance between us, as he had left the main artery, and there were no machines between us. The road was dark and badly paved, and the houses separated by long stretches of field or garden.

Suddenly he stopped, and at the same instant I halted my cycle and switched off the light. As he did not continue his route, I drew my machine into the long grass at the side of the road, laid it flat, and started to crawl forward on my hands and toes in scout fashion.

How often have I reconnoitered or trailed man and beast in this wise, sometimes on my hands and knees, at other times flat on my stomach, wriggling forward like a serpent! The sensation brought

back to me tender memories of koodoo stalking and Boer ferreting on the sere Karoo and through serried kopjes.

When I arrived opposite the car, I noticed that it was drawn up at the side of the road, and Steel was nowhere to be seen. There were no houses near, at least I could not discover the outlines of any in the dark, but I made out several clumps of trees and patches of shrubbery a little to my left. I worked my way towards these, so as to approach them from the opposite direction. My progress was necessarily slow, as the night was dark and cloudy, and I was not certain that this was not a trap set for my own destruction.

As soon as I began to hear voices, I stopped and listened.

"Is this why you sent for me?" I heard Steel say in angry tones.

"Isn't it sufficient reason?" came the reply in a sweet, plaintive, girlish voice. "I'm going to be a mother, Ted, and I don't want to be a mother without a husband. You promised to marry me before I yielded to you, and we can't put it off any longer, if you wish to save our honor."

"You can go to a doctor," was the surly rejoinder.

"Go to a doctor! I don't know what you mean. I don't know any doctors, and I'd

be afraid to go to a stranger, and it's dangerous. Besides, why should I go? Don't you want to marry me any more, Ted?"

"You can go to your father, he's a specialist in this line."

"My father! Are you crazy, Ted? Go to my father, and tell him of my — of my —! No. I'd rather die."

"You can disguise yourself, so he won't know you."

There was a long silence before the sad, resigned voice spoke again:

"Ted, you haven't answered me. Won't you marry me?"

The answer was sharp and brutal:

"You may as well know now as later, Julia. You're not the kind of wife for me."

"O my God!"

The cry was low and heartrending, then she crashed to the grass.

I heard hurried footsteps, and a few moments after the snort of his machine as it flung itself away into the dolorous night.

Casting prudence to the winds, I crept hastily forward until I reached the prostrate form of a girl. At first I thought she was dead, and a sudden desire to follow and fire made my veins swell. But then I noticed the beating of her heart, and after I had torn open her corset and induced her respiration, she began to moan, and gradually came to her senses.

"Don't be afraid, Miss. I was passing, and saw you lying here. Tell me where you live, and I'll help you home."

"No, I'm afraid to go home. O God, what will become of me?"

Then she arrested herself in sudden self-possession.

"What am I talking about? I must have fainted."

She tried to rise, but her limbs refused to raise her. She passed her hands over her loosened dress and corset, and I hastened to explain:

"I unbuttoned your clothes to give you air. While I go for my cycle, you take off your corset and fasten your skirt and blouse. Then I'll put you on behind me and take you home."

To spare her further embarrassment or reply, I hurried away for my machine. When I returned, she had arranged her attire and was able to stand.

"I think I'll walk if you'll help me. I don't want anyone to see me, and I'd be so conspicuous on your motor-cycle."

"We'll ride till we get near the houses," I suggested. "Then you may get off and walk. But can't we go to a garage where I can leave the wheel? Then I can take you to your home."

She thought for a moment before she replied:

"You are very kind, Sir. Your voice makes me trust you, though I can't see your face. I'm sure you don't mean to harm me."

"If I thought you could walk home, I wouldn't press my assistance upon you," I replied gently. "But if you will tell me where your friends or relatives live, I'll go and tell them, and they can come and fetch you."

"Oh, no, Sir, not that," she answered apologetically. "I shouldn't like any one to know. I didn't mean you to think that I can't trust you. I believe you, I'm sure you're a gentleman, and I'll go with you, if you'll help me now."

"Well, do you know a garage that we can reach without being seen? You can get off near it, I'll store the wheel, and hurry back to you and help you home."

"Yes, Sir, I think I know a place."

"Then come along."

I helped her on to the hind seat, then I straddled into the saddle, and, as we spun along, she directed my course. After I had stored the wheel, we strode along in silence, arm in arm. When we passed a street lamp, she averted her face, either from me or from the passers-by. At last she stopped.

"This is my home, Sir," she said point-

ing to a bungalow half hidden behind an orchard. "I don't know how to thank you. I'm in great trouble now, but if I can get over it, I shall always remember your kindness. Won't you please give me your name and address, Sir?"

"If you want my name and address to thank or reward me, I assure you that I have received all the thanks and reward I merit. If you require my help, I shall be glad to tell you my name. Can I help you?"

She did not answer me at once, then she replied sadly:

"You can not help me, Sir."

"Are you quite sure?"

"I am quite sure, Sir. If I thought you could, I trust you sufficient to ask you."

"Then will you do me one favor before I go?"

"I will do anything for you, Sir."

"Let me look at your face."

"It is not worthy," she replied in modest distress.

I took her arm again and led her towards the lamp that stood at the corner of the garden. When she stood beneath the light, I turned towards her, and looked into one of the most beautiful faces that I have ever seen in America. Her eyes were downcast, and I did not see their violet depths until she turned them full upon me as I

said, Good-by. But the brilliant black of her lashes and uncovered hair, reposing in striking contrast on the snow-like whiteness of her Grecian features and brow, drew a gasp of wonder and admiration from me.

I held out my hand and stuttered:

"May God guard you! I'll go now."

She raised her eye-lids and looked into mine:

"Must you go now, Sir?" she said plaintively.

"I will stay, if you wish, and if I can help you."

She placed her hand in mine, and as I pressed it, she said hardly above a whisper:

"Good-by, Sir. It is better that you should go. You can't help me. I shall never forget your kindness."

She withdrew her hand, and walked slowly, with bent head, towards the garden gate. I waited for her to disappear, then I approached the entrance to take a last glance at the spot where that beautiful vision had vanished from my wistful sight. I looked into the semi-obscurity, my eyes widened and my heart ceased to beat. On the gatepost was a white enamel plate and in black letters I read the name of the occupants.

When I recovered from my brain storm, I crossed the street and dropped into the long grass, determined to keep this abode under surveillance for that night at least. I was fascinated by the marvellous grace of the girl. To me "The beauty of a lovely woman is like music." I wondered how she could have given herself to Steel, until I remembered the theory of contrasts. Then how could he, however heartless a brute he might be, desert her as he had done this night, and abandon her to shame? The deep meaning of Byron's lines: "Thou who hast the fatal gift of beauty" flashed me illumination.

I desired also to learn whether Steel would make any move here, and the name on the gate awakened in me an intense interest in the other members of that household.

I had watched for over an hour, when I saw a dark figure coming down the walk from the bungalow to the gate. Before she pulled the latch, she looked all around, either in expectation of some one, or to see whether the coast was clear. Then she stepped out on to the side-walk, and walked briskly towards the more populous part of the town.

I followed as rapidly as I could and had time and opportunity to examine her

make-up, for I was convinced that she was trying to hide her face and figure. She wore heavy widow's weeds, so opaque and dropping so perfectly around her whole head to her waist, that it was impossible to make out anything behind her veil. Her dress, or rather dresses, for she must have had several on, were loose and ill-fitting, and completely obliterated all her natural lines. As she hurried along, she glanced around at intervals to see whether she was followed, but I kept out of sight on the opposite side of the road.

I tracked this strange female thus to the Elevated, and, in my anxiety to keep out of view, almost missed the train which she took. She alighted in the city and boarded a street-car. I hid myself on the rear platform, and we travelled on the same cars until I saw her descend in front of my Block.

Mirabile dictu!

She looked up at the windows, then around suspiciously, as if in doubt as to her next move. If I had not tracked her, I should have accosted her and offered my assistance, but now it was in my interest to remain at a distance. Suddenly she made up her mind and stepped into the hall which led to the second floor. I dashed through the chop suey to the back en-

trance, then up to the balcony from where I could see the whole length of the passage which led to the different second floor flats. She stopped at the end, before Pureheart's door. I did not wait to see whether she entered, but rushed up to the loft and to Pureheart's periscope.

In my impetuosity to spy, I failed to heed whether I was spied upon, and this inexcusable imprudence almost proved my undoing.

It was almost midnight, the hour when Pureheart usually left in his machine for home. He was already dressed for his departure, and stood before the strange female reading a typewritten page. When he had finished, he laid it on the table and addressed her:

"My dear lady, it is very late, and I'm afraid I can do nothing for you to-night. My assistant has left, and if an operation is necessary, you will have to stay here; you won't be able to move for several hours."

She held out a roll of banknotes to him. He took them and laid them on the table before the typewritten sheet.

"I may have to give you some anæsthetic, and then it would be necessary to see your face, and how can I do that if you keep that heavy veil on and do not desire me to see you?"

She shook her head violently.

"Then how can I examine you and operate on you with all those clothes on?"

She nodded to assure him that he could.

"If you have to stay here all the night, you'll have to stay alone, as I must leave immediately."

She gesticulated her assent.

"Very well, then. We'll go into the next room."

She rose immediately. He took off his hat and coat, rolled up his sleeves and preceded her into the operating theatre. They disappeared from my vision.

A thousand conflicting emotions and ideas passed through my being. I had already made up my mind to threaten Pureheart with immediate exposure, unless he desisted prostituting his profession. If necessary, I was prepared to mete out a just punishment. Now was the fitting opportunity.

But should I give him time to save that girl, for I was now convinced that it was Julia, from terrestrial shame? My conscience taught me that a mortal sin was about to be committed. In a society organized on divine principles, the fruit of the womb, conceived out of wedlock but under promise of marriage, instead of being the object of satanic scorn would meet with

Christ-like commiseration. But what would be her fate with a fatherless child in our present stygian civilization? I shuddered at the thought.

Then, was the progeny of that Hell's hound fit for life, worthy of its mother? Should I compel him to marry her and fetter her for life with that infernal scoundrel, and thus undo the toils which I was weaving around him?

I could not decide, I could only act.

Feverishly I donned the disguise in which I had frustrated Jambon's career, and slid down to the balcony. It was a close, dark night, and most of the windows in the building were open. I lifted the mosquito screen and climbed into Pureheart's office. Then I drew down the shades.

The banknotes and the typwritten sheet still lay on the table. I took the letter and read:

> "I am a dumb girl, betrayed by a wicked man. You can save me. I will pay you well. Do not ask me my name or force me to show my face. Let me go away unknown and unseen, only save me from everlasting shame."

Steel's suggestion had borne fruit. I marvelled only at the courage of the girl to carry through the plan, and then to suffer its execution in silence.

I still held the paper in my hand, absorbed in thought, when Pureheart returned.

He looked at me as if doubting his vision, raised his hand to his brow, and sank into a seat.

"I am an old friend of yours, my dear doctor, and have now called upon you to enlist your services again, but this time not for others, for yourself."

"I knew it was a trap," I heard him mutter.

I seized at the suggestion.

"Yes, the *corpus delicti* is in the next room, but without her I have sufficient evidence to send you to the chair. Shall I enumerate?"

His head sank on to the table, but he raised his hand, as if supplicating me to desist.

I waited for him to speak. At last I heard his voice, as if addressing himself, while he still kept his face buried in one hand on the table.

"I am not afraid of the chair or the gallows, and I'm tired of this double life. For her sake I must quit without exposure. To her I have always been the kind father, the honorable citizen, the famous surgeon, and I have tried to bring her up as the child of such a man. She must never know. I must

quit now, and leave her an honorable name. She is beautiful, wealthy, talented; the world is before her, and she will marry some clean man, and live her life in ignorance of my past. I have guarded her against all the vanity and vices of this city, and she has grown up as virtuous and modest and frank and generous as an angel. Yes, I must quit, before I bring shame on her, my precious child!"

He rose from the chair, and without giving me a look, walked deliberately towards his medicine closet, opened the door, and chose one of the bottles labelled Prussic Acid, and a conical measuring glass, from among those which littered the shelves.

I stepped towards him, and immediately and simultaneously I felt a bullet graze my head and heard an explosion and a crash. I flung myself past the doctor, as the hydrocyanic slipped from his grasp, and glided into a closet in the adjoining room.

Startled by the noise, the strange woman ran into the doctor's room, and a moment after Steel rushed in, shouting:

"Where's he? It's the janitor. Damn him! I must have missed. I found all his infernal machinery over the ceiling. I saw him come down, and went up to see what he had been doing."

I could discern his savage and deter-

mined countenance through the chink of the closet door, and thrust my revolver forward automatically as if to meet his attack.

He looked at the veiled figure suspiciously, and, walking up to her, snatched the weeds from her face. As soon as he caught sight of those beautiful, pale features, I heard him gasp in amazement: "Julia!" and saw him stagger back. At the same time the doctor uttered a cry of woe: "My daughter!" and ran towards the tottering girl.

"Yes, father, your daughter; and he's the man that ruined me."

Then she sank to the floor.

Pureheart looked for a moment at the partner of his foul commerce and now the desecrator of his cherished idol, then he seized a chair, and bounded towards him.

Steel raised his revolver, but before he could fire I drew my trigger, and sent a bullet through his hand. His weapon dropped, and he wheeled towards me.

I now stood in full view before them, and, as he recognized me, he sprang forward, shouting:

"You damned ———, I'll have you yet!"

I laughed out loud, and sent another bullet crashing into his knee. He dropped on his face before he could reach me, and I immediately pounced on his back and

twisted an electric wire, that I snatched from a pedestal lamp, round his hands and feet. Then I rolled him on to his back, and he gave one shout for help before I struck him in the mouth with the butt of my weapon and knocked out several of his teeth. The blood burst from his mouth and ran over the tiled floor to mingle with the pools from his hand and knee.

All this time the doctor was trying to strike him with the chair, but I held him back or interjected myself between them.

"We've got him now, Doc. He won't get away. I'll leave him here with you, and you can do what you like with him. Take this as a warning for yourself. If it wasn't for your daughter, I'd feel inclined to send you both to Kingdom Come together. Now you'd better look after her first, or she may bleed to death."

My advice seemed to direct his attention from his avidity for vengeance to the gravity of his own child's condition. He turned towards her, lifted her tenderly on to a couch, examined and tended her, while expressions of paternal condonation and intense grief escaped his lips.

In the mean time I laughed into Steel's glaring eyes and listened to his curses, which were, however, not loud enough to attract outside help.

"If you shout, I'll batter your whole face to bits. You've got me now, right enough, but on your chest. I expect it feels like a nightmare. I wonder what Pureheart 'll do with you? I don't envy you your fate, anyway. If *he* lets you go, I'll have to hurry you to the gallows for sending Calls to sleep, singeing your child, and soaking Rattler, not to mention any other of your peccadillos.

"If you live, life won't be worth living, because I'm going to send Bloater's mortgage to his bank to-night, and tell them to foreclose at once, and I wonder how you'll explain your contract with Speedway?

"What do you think of my periscopes? You must admit I aimed them truer than you did your six-shooter through my periscope hole. You should have waited till you got next to me, then you would have had me right enough, for I shouldn't have known that you'd found me out. But you've got me now, any way, on your chest, so what's the difference?

"By the way, Stoneheart, that contract about running Rattler's saloon is off. There won't be any saloon when the Bloaters foreclose, and fish your cousin out of his vat. Besides, I'm going to take a fresh air and fresh water cure after this, and try and get this wound in my armpit healed.

You didn't know that one of your sleuths bored it there. But I gave him a decent burial in the Lake. You'll meet him soon."

I was interrupted in my raillery by the doctor:

"Now I'll settle my account with this infernal scoundrel."

"The pot calling the kettle black," I suggested mildly. "But I'll get off his chest and surrender my booty to you. I didn't intend to do the killing if I could shift it on to someone else."

The surgeon was too bent on his purpose to hear my words, and immediately started to drag the detective into his operating theatre. I followed, an interested spectator.

In the theatre, hanging over the operating table, was a fall and tackle, which the doctor used for raising patients or for swinging them on and off a couch. He now lowered the rope and belt to the floor, and in true hangman like fashion buckled the latter round Steel's throat. I watched him in approving admiration. He then caught the end of the rope and tugged it viciously, gradually raising his former confederate till his head almost touched the ceiling.

His eyes and tongue bulged out of his head, a horrible spectre, and his face was almost as red as the blood that dripped from his feet.

I thought that his executioner would allow him to hang, and die from strangulation. But no! That would not satisfy his retaliatory rancor. He seized a wire that was attached to the topmost pulley, and the half-dead devil dropped to the floor with a thud.

Thus he hanged him and dropped him half a dozen times, until he was satisfied that he could not inflict any further torture. Then he looked at me with sunken eyes.

"Fine work, Doc. Jack Ketch couldn't do it better. I'll give you a chance to turn over a new leaf for that job. Now what are you going to do with him?"

"Let the hound hang till I take my daughter home where she can get proper care. Her life's worth more to me than the disposition of this carcass."

"Dangerous decision, Doc, very dangerous; but it's none of my business. I'll take off this rig, and help you take her home."

XII.

PUREHEART'S PUTREFACTION.

The bungalow at Evanston was inhabited by Pureheart, his daughter, and an old negress, who had taken the place of Julia's mother, dead since Julia was barely a few months old, according to the surgeon's version.

I helped Maria to put her charge to bed, as Pureheart was seized by a sudden dizziness, and the negress had become so hysterical at sight of her sick mistress that she was also practically helpless.

"You thought I could not help you," I said jokingly to the beautiful girl. I had had a good hot bath, massage, shampoo, and manicure, and had rubbed a bottle of eau de cologne into my skin to get rid of the saloon reek, and I was not altogether unconscious of the fact that she was looking at me in the light of a hero, and of a man of not uninteresting appearance. Although I can be callous on occasion towards women, yet I have also felt "the sweetest joy, the wildest woe," and am not immune to the darts of the gentler sex.

"You can help me only to have faith in a man again, but you cannot help me to live. I feel that I am not going to stay here long. If I had listened to you when you offered me your help before, perhaps you would have saved me from the terrible sin I have committed and forced my father to commit. I know I must die for that sin, and perhaps by my death I shall atone for it. Don't you think so?"

"I am quite certain that your sin will be forgiven," I replied conscientiously.

"I am sure you wouldn't tell me a falsehood. Won't you come closer to me and let me take your hand?"

I drew my chair to her bedside. She took my hand and caressed it gently.

"I'm not ashamed to tell you. I am going to die, and I want to tell the truth now. I wanted a man to love so much. It was something in me, and when he told me that he loved me, I thought I loved him. But he awed me, and I was afraid of him. He was so commanding and brusque that I had to submit. He didn't tell me that his name was Steel. He called himself Edward Englewood, and said he was a medical student. I hadn't seen him for months until tonight.

"But I don't mind now. It brought you to me, and now I know what it is to

love a man. Don't be shocked, and do let me believe that you return my love, because I'll be gone soon, and you won't have done any harm. I don't want to die without having loved someone, and been loved in return. He never loved me. He never kissed me, and I never kissed him. And I never held his hand as I am holding yours. Won't you kiss me? Bend your head close to mine, and let me kiss you. I don't want to die without love, and if you will only let me love you, I shall die happy."

Her beauty and ingenuousness were irresistible. Still I would not dally with this dying girl merely to appease her thirst for affection, if I could not also honorably permit her embraces. I kissed her as a man would kiss his dying sister, and because I believed with her that she was close to the Valley of the Shadows. I accepted and returned her sororal caresses with the sanctity which the approach of death sanctioned. And if she could have diagnosed her own feelings then, she would have recognised that they were not sexual but sisterly. Pureheart and the negress were present during this sad scene, and I thus felt an added absolution for my fall from asceticism.

"I think I'll give you a sleeping draught, dear," the doctor suggested, as soon as he had recovered from his weakness.

"No, father, I don't want to sleep, I want to remain awake with him so long as I have to live," and she gave me a lingering look of tenderness.

"I think you had better take it," I tried to persuade her. "A little sleep will do you good."

"If you say so, I'll take it, but I'd much rather remain awake with you. You won't leave me, will you?" she added with a touch of fear in her voice.

"I will not leave you," I affirmed convincingly.

As soon as she was asleep, the surgeon and I went into the adjoining room, where he threw himself languidly on to a couch and began to reproach himself bitterly for his act.

"This has come to me as a punishment. I have thrived on hacking others, and now I have hacked my own child to death. I thought that I had guarded her against all that I have led others into; but the devil elected my own trusted accomplice to frustrate all my precautions, and my own hands were chosen as the instruments of vengeance.

"If I could only have resisted the obsession of the knife! But my skill mastered me. I gloried in my ability to rob the womb of its fruit, the ovary of its seed, the

female of her fruitfulness, and, if opportunity to practise my art did not come to me along the channels of my profession, the fiends of hell drove me to create opportunities."

"It is not too late to apply your methods legally," I interrupted. "Since the passage of laws providing for the sterilization of criminals, 634 insane and 1 criminal have been operated upon in California, 21 insane in Connecticut, and 24 feeble-minded in Wisconsin. No attempt is being made, however, to enforce any of the laws providing for the sterilization of criminals except in Washington, where the law is punitive.

"The method of selecting persons to be operated upon and the mode of procedure is as follows:

"In Iowa the superintendent of any state hospital for the insane and a majority of the medical staff must agree, after investigation and examination, that the operation would be for the best interests of the patient and society, before they can authorize its performance on the patient, and they cannot without the written consent of the husband or the wife, if the patient is married, or, if unmarried, of the parent or guardian, and they also must have the approval of a majority of the members of the state board of control.

"In Nebraska the board of commissioners of state institutions is required to appoint a board of examiners of five physicians from the medical staffs of the institutions under their control. They decide that if the inmate is capable of bearing offspring, the children born would inherit a tendency to feeble-mindedness, insanity, or degeneracy, and that such children would probably become a social menace; that procreation by such inmate would be harmful to society, and that such inmate should not be paroled or discharged unless sterilized.

"Criminals are not mentioned in either of these statutes.

"You see how illogical you Americans are. You sterilize lunatics and allow criminals to propagate. What is the difference between the two? If criminals are not lunatics, they are worse. Then lunatics are usually under surveillance, and their opportunities for bearing offspring are limited. Criminals, on the contrary, when at large, have every opportunity to procreate.

"Here is your chance to preach and practise the sterilization of criminals."

I was talking more to give him a different outlook on life than because I was convinced by the force of my own arguments, and I noticed that my words interested him.

"Then you have another legitimate field for the application of your knowledge,—the field of birth control. Your former president will one day lose his sway over the minds of his countrymen, when the experience of his ancestral land, Holland, has had time to permeate their Dutch phlegm, and you can help to hasten that day. Listen to this:

BIRTH CONTROL IN EUROPE.

After years of prosecuting men and women engaged in the propaganda for birth control the British government finally appointed a commission of distinguished physicians, clergymen and others, to look into the matter. At one of the hearings Dr. C. V. Drysdale, secretary of the Malthusian league, told what government approval did for birth control in Holland. In 1885 a Dutch branch of the league was established, and ten years later it was recognized by a royal decree as a society of public utility.

With the aid of a corps of physicians and trained midwives work was begun among the poor in every city of the kingdom. People in remote districts communicated through the mails. Pamphlets giving instructions were sent in reply. Assurance had to be given that the enquirer was married or about to be.

The result of this has been, so Dr. Drysdale assured the commission, that the excessive birth rate had been diminished on eugenic lines, bringing with it a considerable rise in wages and general prosperity. Amsterdam and The

Hague had become the healthiest large cities in the world according to government statistics. While the birth rate had decreased among the poor, the increase in population in general is now the highest in Western Europe, and the stature of the people has increased four inches within the last half century.

Dr. Drysdale asserted that the increase in Great Britain's population is diminishing, not because of a decline in the birth rate, but because of the policy of suppressing information about birth control from the poor, and taxing the middle and upper classes to support the large families of the less fit, thus leading those two classes to practice more largely family limitation....

Advanced thinkers now recognize that increase in population depends upon the power of supporting rather than creating new people, and that the increase of a country's population has no relation to its birth rate. No matter how much an increase of population is needed, it will not come by an increase in the birth rate, but by an added production of the country.

Great Britain has at last begur to see the truth of this, and the testimony before the commission proved that it was a problem for the upper classes who had to bear the burden of supporting the increase of the unfit, and, in defence, set about limiting the increase in their own classes. A distinguished physician's opinion was that as soon as this economic pressure was removed from the well-to-do, there would be an increase in their families.—*Chicago Tribune.*

I was here interrupted by the telephone bell, which the surgeon proceeded to answer. I noticed that the message agitated him to an extreme degree, and before hanging up the receiver I heard him say:

"I'll come right away."

Then turning to me he added:

"I must go to Chicago at once. I hope this will be my last call from the devil. Stay with her. When I get back, I'll take her to Canada, and if she lives, I'll never return."

"While you're there, Doc, don't forget to get rid of Steel. I don't feel easy with that carcass dangling over your operating table."

"What'll I do with it?"

"Nobody lives on the second floor now. Drag him next to Rattler's bedroom. There's a dumb-waiter that goes right through to the saloon cellar. Lower him down that, and, when they find him and Rattler in the vat, they'll think anybody except you did it. Take this master-key, I don't expect I'll ever require it again."

"I'll do it. Look after her. I'll be back before morning."

It was between three and four in the morning when he left Evanston. Julia was asleep, and the negress sat on the rug and moaned somnolently.

In the meantime, events that bore the closest relation to this story were happening in an apartment on Grand Boulevard.

A beautiful woman, about thirty-three years of age, bearing a recommendation from the British consul, had presented herself at a certain police station, and demanded assistance to search the Grand Boulevard apartment, where, she said, her daughter, fifteen years of age, was being held for immoral purposes. She had come from Montreal, and as I discovered later, through the papers, was a close friend of the lady to whom I had sent several of Madame Coupler's *pensionnaires*. Through one of these girls she had heard of the abduction of her daughter, and that she was being held a close prisoner, and without the happy coincidence mentioned, would probably never have been able to communicate with her mother, until she was utterly ruined.

The police were not over anxious to help the fair stranger. The house in question was in Steel's precinct and had been immune from police interference for many years. But Steel had not reported, and the woman was insistent, and would not be put off till Steel could be located. In fact, she threatened to report the matter to the British Ambassador.

At this stage of the proceedings, one of Steel's rivals appeared on the scene, and volunteered to make the raid.

"Lay off, or you'll go to the tall timbers," whispered several of his colleagues, but he could not be cowed.

He now stood in the hall, with the Canadian lady behind him, and several secret service men, whom he had collected from other districts, were waiting his signal to rush the place.

The procuress stood before him, haughtily indignant:

"Roll your hoop, young man, the plain clothes men have been wearing out sole leather trying to get something on this place, and a common harness bull like you cannot consider yourself in their class. If you annoy me again, I'll have you transferred."

"If you don't let me search the place," retorted the detective prudently, "I've got the men ready to raid you, and I'll do it."

The conciliatrix was evidently impressed by his determined manner.

"Will you let me ring up my friends?"

"Go ahead, but I want to hear what you say."

She tried to get in touch with Steel, then with several men who "stood well at the city hall," and finally she rang up Pureheart, as already described.

"Will you wait till my friend comes? Perhaps he'll be able to convince you to leave this house alone."

"I'll wait for him, because I'd like to make his acquaintance; but nothing he can say will prevent my making a thorough search of this house."

In the interval before Pureheart's arrival, the bawd suggested every conceivable pretext to leave the room; but the sleuth warned her that the slightest attempt to communicate with the other inmates of the place would result in an immediate raid.

At last Pureheart was ushered into the parlor, looking pale and careworn from his recent experiences. As soon as the Canadian saw him, she started and uttered a low cry. The surgeon looked at her a moment in doubt, then he staggered, reeled, and fell heavily to the floor. The bawd screamed and rushed to the door, but the detective intercepted her.

"No you don't. Stay here!"

Then turning to his companion, he enquired:

"Do you know him?"

"That's my husband. My daughter came to Chicago to look for him. His name is Herbert Hazeldon—"

"No, it isn't," interrupted the bawd.

"That's Dr. Pureheart, the famous surgeon, and if he hadn't fainted, he'd have got rid of you both pretty quick."

"I don't care what he calls himself here," retorted the Canadian, "Pureheart may be his right name. I'm quite sure he changed his name, but he married me under the name of Herbert Hazeldon seventeen years ago, and he may have called himself Pureheart to hide his foul heart from the world. He abandoned me to poverty sixteen years ago, leaving me enceinte with our second child whom I am sure you are holding here, and taking our first daughter with him. He tried to perform an illegal operation on me before I had my second child; he said he didn't want any children, and, when I objected, he threatened to kill me, and disappeared in the night.

"I always thought he was in Chicago, because he got letters from there; but I made up my mind never to look for him. My second child said she would find him and make him support us, and that's what she was here for, when she fell into your clutches."

"There's no girl here called Hazeldon," contended the woman.

"Her name's Julia, the same as my first child," replied the Canadian. "At home she is Julia Jovanne, my maiden name, but

here she called herself Jeanne Johnson, and the girl who saw her in this house told me that she is known here as Jeanne Johnson."

"Is Jeanne Johnson here?" demanded the detective gruffly.

The woman hesitated.

"I'll soon find out," he said sharply, and without further ado he approached the open window and blew three shrill blasts on his whistle.

The woman began to scream wildly, there was the crash of breaking panes, the thud and slam of opening and closing doors, the tramp of heavy feet, the clamor of rapid orders, female shrieks and male shouts, then the blows of bloody fists and breaking furniture, mingled with oaths and groans, and soon a medley of half-dressed men and women were filed out into the patrol wagons.

"There's a gal all by herself in one of the rooms," reported one of the raiders to his chief. "She looks sick and asked me to save her, said she didn't belong here, and they kept her a prisoner."

"Come with me, Mrs. Hazeldon," the chief said gently to the Canadian, "but please try and control yourself." Then, turning to one of his men, he added: "Take 'em all to the station, but leave Pureheart

here. Try and bring him round soon as possible. Get a doctor and an ambulance."

Accompanied by Mrs. Hazeldon (or Pureheart), he then followed his assistant into the room where the girl lay.

What need to describe the meeting between mother and daughter? As soon as the latter could speak coherently, she told how she had been inveigled into this Adam and Eve Club, as it was called. She had answered an advertisement: "Furnished Room for a Single Girl," and been directed to this address by the proprietress, who told her that her own house was full. Once in the toils of the procuress, she was compelled to suffer every indignity, withstand every temptation, repulse every attempt on her virtue, until finally they had forcibly performed an operation on her, which later diagnosis showed to be ovariotomy, and now she was barely convalescent, but still as undefiled as when she had left her mother's house.

"How's Pureheart?" here enquired the chief. "I'd like this girl to see him."

"He's still a bit dazed, but he can walk."

"Bring him in then."

The surgeon was assisted into the chamber by a doctor and a detective. As soon as the girl saw him, she cried:

"He did it, that's him."

"I guessed so," said the chief, evidently pleased with his acumen and the results of his raid.

Pureheart looked at the girl in the bed, and the sight seemed to recall the precarious condition of his other child, for he whined feebly:

"Take me to my daughter, she's dying, and I must save her."

"That's your daughter," replied the chief pointing to the girl.

Pureheart looked from one to the other perplexed.

"I mean Julia," he said at last.

"That's Julia."

But the truth would not dawn upon the surgeon's deranged brain.

"Perhaps his other daughter is dying," finally suggested the chief. "Does anyone know where his office is?"

"Ya," volunteered one of his men.

"We'll go and see if we can't find something interesting there too. Take him to the station, and hold him there till I get back. Take Mrs. Hazeldon and her daughter to the hospital, and see that they get all they want."

Thus it was that my plan to remove Steel's body was never consummated, and while this ghastly discovery was spurring the detective on to extend his triumphs to Evanston, Julia lay in my arms dying.

"You don't know how happy I am to die like this. If my mother was alive and here, I don't think I could love her more than I love you. I wish father would return soon, I'd like to say Good-by to him. I'll soon see mother, and I'll tell her all about you, and you'll come to me, one day, won't you, love?"

Thus she rambled on, until the detective's arrival interrupted her reveries.

I met him at the door, told him simply that the girl was dying, that I was her friend, entreated him to defer his duties whatever they were till she was laid at rest. My earnest appeal impressed him, he told me hurriedly the story of the girl's mother, without, however, mentioning the discovery of Steel's body, and I begged him to send for Mrs. Hazeldon, while he and his men remained in charge of the premises, if he deemed it necessary.

He readily acquiesced, but wished the doctor who accompanied him to see Julia. I led him and the doctor into the sick chamber with the understanding that they were not to tell Julia anything about her father, and that I would tell her that her father had sent two doctors to attend her, as he would be delayed for several hours.

While Mrs. Hazeldon was hurrying towards her first-born and first-dead the

state doctor was tactfully notating data that Julia was dying from internal hemorrhage caused by an illegal operation. His diagnosis did not leave me above suspicion, as I readily perceived; but I trusted to my intelligence to afford me the opportunity of disassociating myself from this concatenation of crimes as soon as I had fulfilled my pledge to Julia to remain with her till the end.

Before Mrs. Hazeldon arrived, I broke the news as gently as I could. I told her that her father had just discovered that her mother was alive, and was sending her to her bedside. But the dying girl was too near the grave and too wholly absorbed in her infatuation for my unworthy self to be additionally moved.

When her mother arrived, I prompted her as I had done the detectives, and then admitted her to the room.

Mother and daughter looked at each other in silence, the former's eyes were filled with tears; but Julia's had merely a look of curiosity and compassion in their violet depths. At last she said simply:

"Don't weep, mother, come and sit by me and kiss me. This is my love. When I'm gone, he'll take my place, he'll be a son to you as I would have been a daughter. You will, won't you?" she enquired, turning her beautiful face towards me.

I nodded assent.

"I wish father would hurry back. I don't want to go without seeing him, but you'll tell him, mother, won't you, not to fret? He's got you now, and you'll console each other. Perhaps if you had found us before, then this would not have happened to me, but then I wouldn't have found you, love—I feel so weak, I can't hold my head up any more."

Her head sank back on to the pillow.

"Bend your head near to mine," she whispered.

I laid my head on the pillow next to hers. Mrs. Hazeldon clasped her hands in mute anguish, while Julia turned her face towards mine and feebly laid her hand on my cheek. She smiled and I barely heard her words:

"I'm going, love. I'm— Good—" and her eyes closed.

When the doctor declared she was dead, I tenderly removed the cold hand from my face, and rose from the bed. I had faithfully fulfilled my word, and, although I should have desired to bear this innocent corpse to its earthly shell and to remain with her mother, I knew that I should be called upon to offer explanations that would not be conducive to my own safety or to that of Pureheart. I accordingly sought for immediate means of escape.

"I must send some wires to her friends," I said sorrowfully, for my sorrow was real, though my excuse invented.

The detective did not offer any overt opposition, but I noticed, after I left the house, that I was being shadowed. I did not wish to risk arrest by attempting to return to Chicago, for I did not know what the man's orders might be.

It was about five in the morning, and very few people were about. I took a direction which I thought would lead me away from any pedestrians, and, as soon as I noticed that no one was in sight, I wheeled suddenly, as if about to retrace my steps, and walked towards my shadower. He came on, trying to look as indifferent as possible; for to stop would have laid him open to suspicion. I did not look at him either, but beyond, and once I looked behind me, but casually, to see whether there were going to be any witnesses to my exploit. In the far distance I could make out approaching figures, but they were too far away to affect my purpose. As I passed the unprepared man, he did not even deign to give me a glance, so anxious was he to appear unconcerned. I struck him a terrible blow behind the right ear and dropped him.

Then I walked coolly into the country,

and hid in the grass till nightfall, when I walked back to Chicago.

I followed Pureheart's trial through the papers. He was charged with the murder of Steel and of his daughter, and with performing an illegal operation on his second daughter and on numerous other women, besides being a partner in several houses of ill-fame.

Many facts new to me were elicited during his trial.

"If I killed him," he pleaded, "he deserved death. He betrayed an innocent girl, and I was justified by the natural law."

"An unnatural father, an unnatural husband, and unnatural man, has no right to appeal to the natural law," retorted the public prosecutor.

"Since when have you become the protagonist of innocence and virtue? Only since your own daughter fell a victim to your vile practice. If your paternal instincts had not revolted, you would never have admitted the evil of your ways.

"Don't you think the fathers of all the girls you initiated into your Adam and Eve Club had similar feelings and in a thousand degrees more pure, because they had not become degenerated by the practice of betrayal?

"Then if Steel were the father of her child, you could have forced him to marry her, instead of resorting to abortion."

"If I had known she was my own daughter, I would not have done it."

The prosecutor broke into contemptuous laughter.

"Didn't you know your own wife, when you tried the same on her? Not know your own daughter? And you had her on your operating table!"

"She wore a thick veil, and brought me a note. She pretended to be dumb, till her betrayer entered the room."

"Incredible! Such a defence is merely a cloak to hide the shame you know that a father ought to feel towards his own daughter. You performed hundreds of abortions on other girls. How is it you never advised those girls to compel the fathers of their children to marry them? Why did you not hesitate when you forcibly performed that vile operation on your second daughter?

"You have tried to rob vice of its effects, to increase its pleasures and decrease its pains. You have therefore applied your science exclusively to the female sex; and not because ovariotomy is voluntary, and vasectomy involuntary.

"Your excuse that you were trying to

prevent over-population is as false as your others. You set up as a specialist to cure barren women, and to produce male or female children at will. Your only remedy was to introduce those married women to members of your Adam and Eve Club, as you initiated into the same hot-bed of vicious corruption the young girls that came under your baneful practice.

"The performances of your Adam and Eve Club give you the lie. It was not a club to restrict birth, but to increase the opportunities for vice, and if children could have been brought into the world without fear of detection, or hampering the opportunities for the uncontrolled enjoyment of vice, we should hear nothing about over-population."

The jury, without retiring, returned a verdict of guilty.

And now, gentle reader, I must bid you farewell. We have waded together through the lugubrious, lascivious, and lawless labyrinths of a modern Babylon. The experience to me has been detestable. To you I hope it has attached a share of responsibility, for "Responsibility prevents crime," says Burke. When I return to America again, may it be my lot to lead you along pleasanter paths.

FINIS.